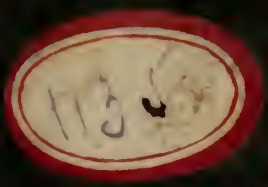

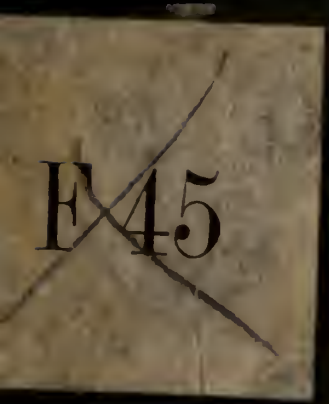
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Protestant Episcopal Church in the U.S.A.

PSALMS,

IN METRE,

SELECTED FROM

THE PSALMS OF DAVID;

SUITED TO THE

FEASTS AND FASTS OF THE CHURCH,

AND

OTHER OCCASIONS OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Philadelphia:

PUBLISHED BY GEORGE, LATIMER & CO.
NO. 13 SOUTH FOURTH STREET.

1833.

I CERTIFY that this edition of the "Psalms in Metre, selected from the Psalms of David," is from the same types with that set forth by the Committee authorized for the purpose, by the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America; and is permitted to be published as a stereotype edition.

H. U. ONDERDONK,

Assistant Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia, Feb. 23, 1833.

"By the Bishops, the Clergy, and the Laity of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, in Convention, this twenty-ninth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-two; this book of Psalms in Metre, selected from the Psalms of David, with Hymns, is set forth, and allowed to be sung in all congregations of the said church, before and after Morning and Evening Prayer, and also before and after Sermons, at the discretion of the minister.

"And it shall be the duty of every minister of any church, either by standing directions, or from time to time, to appoint the portions of Psalms which are to be sung."

"And further, it shall be the duty of every minister, with such assistance as he can obtain from persons skilled in music, to give order concerning the tunes to be sung at any time in his church; and especially, it shall be his duty to suppress all light and unseemly music, and all indecency and irreverence in the performance, by which vain and ungodly persons profane the service of the Sanctuary."

PSALMS IN METRE,

SELECTED FROM THE PSALMS OF DAVID.

PSALM 1. (C. M.)

From the i. *Psalm of David.*

HOW blest is he, who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk,
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk;

2 But makes the perfect law of GOD
His business and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

4 Ungodly men, and their attempts,
No lasting root shall find;
Untimely blasted and dispers'd
Like chaff before the wind.

5 Their guilt shall strike the wicked dumb
Before their Judge's face:
No formal hypocrite shall then
Among the saints have place.

6 For GOD approves the just man's ways;
To happiness they tend:
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

PSALM 2. (C. M.)

From the ii. *Psalm of David.*

THUS GOD declares his sov'reign will:
"The King that I ordain,
Whose throne is fix'd on Sion's hill,
Shall there securely reign."

2 Attend, O earth, whilst I declare
GOD's uncontroll'd decree:
Thou art my Son; this day, my heir,
Have I begotten thee.

3 "Ask, and receive thy full demands;
Thine shall the heathen be;
The utmost limit of the lands
Shall be possess'd by thee."

4 Learn then, ye princes; and give
Ye judges of the earth; [ear,
Worship the LORD with holy fear;
Rejoice with awful mirth.

5 Appease the Son with due respect,
Your timely homage pay:
Lest he revenge the bold neglect,
Incens'd by your delay.

6 If but in part his anger rise,
Who can endure the flame?
Then blest are they, whose hope relies
On his most holy Name.

PSALM 3. (C. M.)

From the iii. *Psalm of David.*

THOU, gracious GOD, art my de-
On thee my hopes rely: [fence;
Thou art my glory, and shalt yet
Lift up my head on high.

2 Since whensoe'er, in my distress,
To GOD I made my prayer,
He heard me from his holy hill;
Why should I now despair?

3 Guarded by him I lay me down
My sweet repose to take;
For I through him securely sleep,
Through him in safety wake.

4 Salvation to the LORD belongs;
He only can defend:
His blessings he extends to all
That on his power depend.

PSALM 4. (C. M.)

From the iv. *Psalm of David.*

CONSIDER that the righteous man
Is GOD's peculiar choice;
And when to him I make my prayer,
He always hears my voice.

2 Then stand in awe of his commands,
Flee every thing that 's ill,
Commune in private with your hearts,
And bend them to his will.

3 The sacrifice of righteousness
Present to GOD on high;
And let your hope, securely fix'd,
On him alone rely.

4 While worldly minds impatient grow
More prosperous times to see;
Still let the glories of thy face
Shine brightly, LORD, on me.

5 So shall my heart o'erflow with joy,
More lasting and more true [wine
Than theirs, who stores of corn and
Successively renew.

6 Then down in peace I'll lay my head,
And take my needful rest;
No other guard, O LORD, I crave,
Of thy defence possess'd.

PSALM 5. (C. M.)

From the v. *Psalm of David.*

REGARD my words, O gracious LORD,
Accept my secret prayer;
To thee alone, my King, my GOD,
Will I for help repair.

2 Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear,
And, with the dawning day,
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
To thee devoutly pray.

3 LORD, I within thy house will come,
In thy abundant grace;
And I will worship in thy fear,
Tow'rds thy most holy place.

4 Let those, O LORD, who trust in thee,
With shouts their joy proclaim:
Let them rejoice whom thou pre-serv'st,
And all that love thy name.

5 To righteous men, the righteous LORD
His blessing will extend;
And with his favour all his saints,
As with a shield defend.

PSALM 6. (S. M.)

From the vi. *Psalm of David.*

IN mercy, not in wrath,
Rebuke me, gracious God!
Lest, if thy whole displeasure rise,
I sink beneath thy rod.

2 Touch'd by thy quick'ning pow'r,
My load of guilt I feel:
The wounds thy Spirit hath unclos'd,
O let that Spirit heal.

3 In trouble and in gloom,
Must I for ever mourn?
And wilt thou not, at length, O GOD,
In pitying love return?

4 O come, ere life expire,
Send down thy pow'r to save;
For who shall sing thy name in death,
Or praise thee in the grave?

5 Why should I doubt thy grace,
Or yield to dread despair?
Thou wilt fulfil thy promis'd word,
And grant me all my prayer.

PSALM 7. (C. M.)

From the viii. *Psalm of David.*

O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

2 In heaven thy wondrous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckon'd there;
And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.

3 When heaven, thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wond'ring sight;
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light;——

4 O, what is man, that, LORD, thou
To keep him in thy mind? [lov'st
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
To them so wondrous kind?

5 Him next in power thou didst create
To thy celestial train;
Ordain'd, with dignity and state,
O'er all thy works to reign.

6 They jointly own his pow'rful sway;
The beasts that prey or graze;
The bird that wings its airy way;
The fish that cuts the seas.

7 O thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

PSALM 8. (C. M.)

From the ix. *Psalm of David.*

TO celebrate thy praise, O LORD,
I will my heart prepare;
To all the list'ning world, thy works,
Thy wondrous works, declare.

2 The thought of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasures bring;
Whilst to thy name, O thou Most High,
Triumphant praise I sing.

3 The LORD for ever lives, who has
His righteous throne prepar'd,
Impartial justice to dispense,
To punish or reward.

4 All those who have his goodness prov'd
Will in his truth confide;
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
That on his help relied.

5 Sing praises therefore to the LORD,
From Sion, his abode;
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world
Confess no other GOD.

PSALM 9. (C. M.)

From the xi. *Psalm of David.*

THE LORD a holy temple hath,
And righteous throne, above;
Whence he surveys the sons of men,
And how their counsels move.

2 If God the righteous, whom he loves,
For trial does correct,
What must the sons of violence,
Whom he abhors, expect?

3 Snares, fire, and brimstone, on their heads
Shall in one tempest show'r;
This dreadful mixture his revenge
Into their cup shall pour.

4 The righteous LORD will righteous deeds
With signal favour grace,
And to the upright man disclose
The brightness of his face.

PSALM 10. (C. M.)

From the xiii. *Psalm of David.*

HOW long wilt thou forget me, LORD?
Must I for ever mourn?
How long wilt thou withdraw from me,
Oh! never to return?

2 O hear, and to my longing eyes
Restore thy wonted light,
Dawn on my spirit, lest I sleep
In death's most gloomy night.

3 Since I have always plac'd my trust
Beneath thy mercy's wing,
Thy saving health will come; and then
My heart with joy shall spring.

4 Then shall my song, with praise inspir'd,
To thee, my GOD, ascend,
Who to thy servant in distress
Such bounty didst extend.

PSALM 11. (L. M.)

From the xiv. *Psalm of David.*

THE LORD look'd down from heaven's high tow'r,
And all the sons of men did view,
To see if any own'd his pow'r,
If any truth or justice knew;

2 But all, he saw, were gone aside,
All were degenerate grown and base;
None took religion for their guide,
Not one of all the sinful race.

3 How will they tremble then for fear,
When his just wrath shall them o'ertake:
For to the righteous GOD is near,
And never will their cause forsake.

4 O that from Sion he'd employ
His might, and burst th' oppressive band!
Then shouts of universal joy
Should loudly echo through the land.

PSALM 12. (C. M.)

From the xv. *Psalm of David.*

LORD, who's the happy man that may
To thy blest courts repair,
Not, stranger-like, to visit them,
But to inhabit there?

2 'Tis he who walketh uprightly,
Whom righteousness directs; [speak
Whose gen'rous tongue disdains to
The thing his heart rejects.

3 Who never did a slander forge,
His neighbour's fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a false report
By malice whisper'd round.

4 Who vice, in all its pomp and pow'r,
Can treat with just neglect;
And piety, though clothed in rags,
Religiously respect.

5 Who to his plighted vows and trust
Has ever firmly stood;
And, though he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good.

6 Whose soul in usury disdains
His treasure to employ;
Whom no rewards can ever bribe
The guiltless to destroy.

7 The man, who by this righteous course
Has happiness insur'd, [stand,
When earth's foundation shakes, shall
By Providence secur'd.

PSALM 13. (C. M.)

From the xvi. *Psalm of David.*

MY grateful soul shall bless the LORD,
Whose precepts give me light;
And private counsel still afford
In sorrow's dismal night.

2 I strive each action to approve
To his all-seeing eye;
No danger shall my hopes remove,
Because he still is nigh.

3 Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory does rejoice;
My flesh shall rest, in hope to rise,
Wak'd by his powerful voice.

4 Thou, LORD, when I resign my breath,
My soul from hell shalt free;
Nor let thy Holy One in death
The least corruption see.

5 Thou shalt the paths of life display
Which to thy presence lead;
Where pleasures dwell without allay,
And joys that never fade

PSALM 14.

From the xviii. *Psalm of David.*

PART I. (L. M.)

NO change of time shall ever shock
My firm affection, LORD, to thee;
For thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defence to me.

2 Thou my deliverer art, my GOD;
My trust is in thy mighty pow'r;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tow'r.

3 To thee I will address my prayer,
To whom all praise we justly owe;
So shall I, by thy watchful care,
Be guarded safe from every foe.

PART II. (L. M.)

1 THOU suit'st, O LORD, thy righteous ways
To various paths of human kind;
They who for mercy merit praise,
With thee shall wondrous mercy find.

2 Thou to the just shalt justice show;
The pure thy purity shall see:
Such as perversely choose to go,
Shall meet with due returns from thee.

3 That he the humble soul will save,
And crush the haughty's boasted might,
In me the LORD an instance gave,
Whose darkness he has turned to light.

4 Who then deserves to be ador'd,
But GOD, on whom my hopes depend?
Or who, except the mighty LORD,
Can with resistless pow'r defend?

5 Let the eternal LORD be prais'd,
The rock on whose defence I rest!
To highest heav'ns his name be rais'd,
Who me with his salvation bless'd!

6 My GOD, to celebrate thy fame,
My grateful voice to heav'n I'll raise;
And nations, strangers to thy name,
Shall learn to sing thy glorious praise.

PSALM 15.

From the xix. *Psalm of David.*

PART I. (C. M.)

THE heav'ns declare thy glory, LORD,
Which that alone can fill;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill.

2 The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings;
And from the dark returns of night
Divine instruction springs.

3 Their powerful language to no realm
Or region is confin'd;
'Tis nature's voice, and understood
Alike by all mankind.

4 Their doctrine does its sacred sense
Through earth's extent display;
Its bright contents the circling sun
Does round the world convey.

5 From east to west, from west to east,
His ceaseless course he goes;
And, through his progress, cheerful light
And vital warmth bestows.

PART II. (C. M.)

1 GOD's perfect law converts the soul,
Reclaims from false desires;
With sacred wisdom his sure word
The ignorant inspires.

2 The statutes of the LORD are just,
And bring sincere delight;
His pure commands in search of truth
Assist the feeblest sight.

3 His perfect worship here is fix'd,
On sure foundations laid;
His equal laws are in the scales
Of truth and justice weigh'd;

4 Of more esteem than golden mines,
Or gold refin'd with skill;
More sweet than honey, or the drops
That from the comb distil.

5 My trusty counsellors they are,
And friendly warnings give:
Divine rewards attend on those
Who by thy precepts live.

6 But what frail man observes how oft
He does from virtue fall?
O cleanse me from my secret faults,
Thou GOD that know'st them all!

7 Let no presumptuous sin, O LORD,
Dominion have o'er me;
That, by thy grace preserv'd, I may
The great transgression flee.

8 So shall my prayer and praises be
With thy acceptance blest;
And I secure on thy defence,
My strength and Saviour, rest.

PSALM 16. (S. M.)

From the xx. *Psalm of David.*

MAY Jacob's GOD defend
And hear us in distress;
Our succour from his temple send,
Our cause from Sion bless!

2 May he accept our vow,
Our sacrifice receive,
Our heart's devout request allow,
Our holy wishes give!

3 O LORD! thy saving grace
We joyfully declare;
Our banner in thy name we raise—
"The LORD fulfil our prayer!"

4 Now know we that the LORD
His chosen will defend; [ford,
From heav'n will strength divine af-
And will their prayer attend.

5 Some earthly succour trust,
But we in GOD's right hand: [boast,
Lo! while they fall, so vain their
We rise and upright stand.

6 Still save us, LORD! and still
Thy servants deign to bless;
Hear, King of heav'n, in times of ill,
The prayers that we address.

PSALM 17.

From the xxii. *Psalm of David.*

PART I. (C. M.)

MY GOD, my GOD, why leav'st thou me,
When I with anguish faint?
O! why so far from me remov'd,
And from my loud complaint?

2 Lo! I am treated like a worm,
Like none of human birth;
Not only by the great revil'd,
But made the rabble's mirth.

3 With laughter all the gazing crowd
My agonies survey; [head,
They shoot the lip, they shake the
And thus deriding say:

4 "In GOD he trusted, boasting oft
That he was heaven's delight;
Let GOD come down to save him now,
And own his favourite."

5 Withdraw not, then, so far from me,
When trouble is so nigh;
O send me help! thy help, on which
Alone I can rely.

PART II. (C. M.)

1 LIKE water is my life pour'd out,
My joints are out of frame;
My heart dissolves within my breast,
Like wax before the flame:

2 My strength is like a potsherd dried,
My tongue is parch'd with drought;
And to the dismal shades of death
My fainting soul is brought.

3 Like dogs, to compass me, my foes
In wicked council meet:
They pierc'd my inoffensive hands,
They pierc'd my harmless feet.

4 My body 's rack'd, till all bones
Distinctly may be told;
Yet such a spectacle of wo
As pastime they behold.

5 As spoil, my garments they divide
Lots for my vesture cast:—
Therefore, O leave me not, my GOD,
But to my succour haste.

PART III. (C. M.)

1 LORD, to my brethren I'll declare
The triumphs of thy Name:
In presence of assembled saints
Thy glory thus proclaim:

2 "Ye worshippers of Jacob's God,
All you of Israel's line,
O praise the Lord, and to your praise
Sincere obedience join.

3 "He ne'er disdain'd on low distress
To cast a gracious eye;
Nor turn'd from misery his face,
But hears its humble cry."

4 Thus, in thy sacred courts, will I
My cheerful thanks express;
In presence of thy saints perform
The vows of my distress.

5 The meek companions of my grief
Shall find my table spread;
And all that seek the LORD shall be
With joys immortal fed.

6 Then shall the glad converted world
To GOD their homage pay;
And scatter'd nations of the earth
One sovereign LORD obey.

7 'Tis his supreme prerogative
O'er all mankind to reign;
'Tis just that he should rule the world,
Who does the world sustain.

8 The rich, who are with plenty fed,
His bounty must confess;
The sons of want, by him reliev'd,
Their generous patron bless.

9 With humble worship to his throne
They all for aid resort; [gave,
That power, which first their being
Alone can them support.

10 Then shall a chosen spotless race,
Devoted to his Name,
To their adoring sons his truth
And glorious acts proclaim.

PSALM 18. (C. M.)

From the xxiii. *Psalm of David.*

THE LORD himself, the mighty LORD
Vouchsafes to be my guide;
The shepherd, by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.

2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose; [where
Then leads me to cool shades, and
Refreshing water flows.

3 He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
And, to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.

4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.

5 Since GOD doth thus his wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

PSALM 19. (C. M.)

From the XXIV. *Psalm of David.*

THE spacious earth is all the Lord's,
The LORD's her fulness is;
The world, and they that dwell therein,
By sov'reign right are his.

2 He fram'd and fix'd it on the seas;
And his almighty hand
Upon inconstant floods has made
The stable fabric stand.

3 But for himself this LORD of all
One chosen seat design'd;
O! who shall to that sacred hill
Deserv'd admittance find?

4 The man whose hands and heart are pure,
Whose thoughts from pride are free;
Who honest poverty prefers
To gainful perjury.

5 This, this is he, on whom the LORD
Shall shower his blessings down;
Whom GOD, his Saviour, shall vouch-safe
With righteousness to crown.

6 Such is the race of saints, by whom
The sacred courts are trod;
And such the proselytes that seek
Thy face, O Jacob's GOD.

7 Erect your heads, eternal gates;
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory: see! he comes
With his celestial train.

8 Who is the King of glory? who?
The LORD, for strength renown'd;
In battle mighty; o'er his foes
Eternal victor crown'd.

9 Erect your heads, ye gates; unfold
In state to entertain
The King of Glory: see! he comes
With all his shining train.

10 Who is the King of glory? who?
The LORD of hosts renown'd;
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crown'd.

PSALM 20. (S. M.)

From the XXV. *Psalm of David.*

TO GOD, in whom I trust,
I lift my heart and voice;
O let me not be put to shame,
Nor let thy foes rejoice.

2 Those who on thee rely,
Let no disgrace attend;
Be that the shameful lot of such
As wilfully offend.

3 To me thy truth impart,
And lead me in thy way;
For thou art he that brings me help;
On thee I wait all day.

4 Thy mercies and thy love,
O LORD, recall to mind;
And graciously continue still,
As thou wert ever, kind.

5 Let all my youthful crimes
Be blotted out by thee;
And, for thy wondrous goodness' sake
In mercy think on me.

6 His mercy and his truth
The righteous LORD displays,
In bringing wand'ring sinners home,
And teaching them his ways.

7 He those in justice guides
Who his direction seek;
And in his sacred paths shall lead
The humble and the meek.

8 Through all the ways of GOD
Both truth and mercy shine,
To such as, with religious hearts,
To his blest will incline.

9 Since mercy is the grace
That most exalts thy fame,
Forgive my heinous sin, O LORD,
And so advance thy name.

10 Whoe'er, with humble fear,
To GOD his duty pays,
Shall find the LORD a faithful guide,
In all his righteous ways.

11 For God to all his saints
His secret will imparts,
And does his gracious cov'nant write
In their obedient hearts.

12 To Israel's chosen race
Continue ever kind;
And, in the midst of all their wants,
Let them thy succour find.

PSALM 21. (C. M.)

From the xxvi. *Psalm of David.**

JUDGE me, O LORD, for I the paths
Of righteousness have trod;
I shall not fail, who all my trust
Repose on thee, my GOD.

2 I'll wash my hands in innocence,
And round thine altar go;
Pour the glad hymn of triumph thence,
And thence thy wonders show.

3 My thanks I'll publish there, and tell
How thy renown excels;
That seat affords me most delight,
In which thine honour dwells.

PSALM 22. (C. M.)

From the xxvii. *Psalm of David.*

WHOM should I fear, since God to me
Is saving health and light?
Since strongly he my life supports,
What can my soul affright?

2 Henceforth, within his house to dwell
I earnestly desire;
His wondrous beauty there to view,
And of his will inquire.

3 For there I may with comfort rest,
In times of deep distress;
And safe, as on a rock, abide
In that secure recess.

4 When us to seek thy glorious face
Thou kindly dost advise;
"Thy glorious face I'll always seek,"
My grateful heart replies.

5 Then hide not thou thy face, O LORD,
Nor me in wrath reject;
My GOD and Saviour, leave not him
Thou didst so oft protect.

6 Though all of nearest earthly ties
Me, in my wo, forsake,
Yet thou, whose love excels them all,
Wilt care and pity take.

7 Instruct me in thy paths, O LORD,
My ways directly guide;
Lest sinful men, who watch my steps,
Should see me tread aside.

8 I trusted that my future life
Should with thy love be crown'd;
Or else my fainting soul had sunk,
With sorrow compass'd round.

9 GOD's time with patient faith expect,
Who will inspire thy breast
With inward strength: do thou thy part,
And leave to him the rest.

PSALM 23. (C. M.)

From the xxviii. *Psalm of David.*

ADOR'D for ever be the LORD;
His praise I will resound,
From whom the cries of my distress
A gracious answer found.

2 He is my strength and shield; my heart
Has trusted in his Name;
And now reliev'd, my heart, with joy,
His praises shall proclaim.

3 The LORD, the everlasting GOD,
Is my defence and rock,
The saving health, the saving strength,
Of his anointed flock.

4 O save and bless thy people, Lord,
Thy heritage preserve;
Feed, strengthen, and support their hearts,
That they may never swerve.

PSALM 24. (L. M.)

From the xxix. *Psalm of David.*

YE that in might and pow'r excel,
Your grateful sacrifice prepare;
GOD's glorious actions loudly tell,
His wondrous pow'r to all declare.

2 To his great Name fresh altars raise;
Devoutly due respect afford;
Him in his holy temple praise,
Where he's with solemn state ador'd.

3 'Tis he that, with amazing noise,
The watery clouds in sunder breaks;
The ocean trembles at his voice,
When he from heav'n in thunder speaks.

4 How full of pow'r his voice appears!
With what majestic terror crown'd!
Which from their roots tall cedars tears,
And strews their scatter'd branches round.

---

* Extract from the Journal of the General Convention, 1832.

"4. *Resolved*, As the sense and declaration of this Convention, that so much of the rubrics in the form of consecration of a church or chapel as requires the singing of 'Psalm 26, verses 6, 7, and 8,' will hereafter be duly complied with by singing verses 2 and 3, in the selection from the 26th Psalm, included in the Psalms in Metre authorized by these resolutions to be set forth."

5 God rules the angry floods on high;
His boundless sway shall never cease;
His saints with strength he will supply,
And bless his own with constant peace.

PSALM 25. (C. M.)

From the xxx. *Psalm of David.*

IN my distress to God I cried,
Who kindly did relieve,
And from the grave's expecting mouth
My hopeless life retrieve.

2 O to his courts, ye saints of his,
With songs of praise repair;
With me commemorate his truth,
And providential care.

3 His wrath has but a moment's reign,
His favour no decay;
The night of grief is recompens'd
With joy's returning day.

4 Therefore, O Lord, I'll gladly sing
Thy praise in grateful verse;
And, as thy favours endless are,
Thy endless praise rehearse.

PSALM 26. (S. M.)

From the xxxi. *Psalm of David.*

DEFEND me, Lord, from shame,
For still I trust in thee;
As just and righteous is thy Name,
From danger set me free.

2 Bow down thy gracious ear,
And speedy succour send;
Do thou my steadfast rock appear,
To shelter and defend.

3 To thee, the God of truth,
My life, and all that 's mine,
(For thou preserv'st me from my youth,)
I willingly resign.

4 My hope, my steadfast trust,
I on thy help repose:
That thou, my God, art good and just,
My soul with comfort knows.

5 Whate'er events betide,
Thy wisdom times them all;
Then, Lord, thy servant safely hide
From those that seek his fall.

6 The brightness of thy face
To me, O Lord, disclose,
And, as thy mercies still increase,
Preserve me from my foes.

7 How great thy mercies are
To such as fear thy Name,
Which thou, for those that trust thy care,
Dost to the world proclaim!

8 O all ye saints, the Lord
With eager love pursue;
Who to the just will help afford,
And give the proud their due.

9 Ye that on God rely,
Courageously proceed;
For he will still your hearts supply
With strength in time of need.

PSALM 27. (L. M.)

From the xxxii. *Psalm of David.*

HE 'S blest whose sins have pardon gain'd,
No more in judgment to appear;
Whose guilt remission has obtain'd,
And whose repentance is sincere.

2 No sooner I my wound disclos'd,
The guilt that tortur'd me within,
But thy forgiveness interpos'd,
And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.

3 Sorrows on sorrows multiplied,
The harden'd sinner shall confound;
But them who in his truth confide,
Blessings of mercy shall surround.

4 His saints, that have perform'd his laws,
Their life in triumph shall employ;
Let them, as they alone have cause,
In grateful raptures shout for joy.

PSALM 28.

From the xxxiii. *Psalm of David.*

PART I. (C. M.)

LET all the just to God, with joy,
Their cheerful voices raise;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.

2 Let harps, and psalteries, and lutes,
In joyful concert meet;
And new-made songs of loud applause
The harmony complete.

3 For faithful is the word of God;
His works with truth abound;
He justice loves; and all the earth
Is with his goodness crown'd.

4 By his almighty word, at first,
The heav'nly arch was rear'd;
And all the beauteous hosts of light
At his command appear'd.

5 Let earth, and all that dwell therein,
Before him trembling stand; [made,
For, when he spake the word, 'twas
'Twas fix'd at his command.

PART II. (C. M.)

WHATE'ER the mighty Lord decrees,
Shall stand for ever sure;
The settled purpose of his heart
To ages shall endure.

2 How happy then are they, to whom
The LORD for GOD is known!
Whom he, from all the world besides,
Has chosen for his own.

3 Our soul on GOD with patience waits;
Our help and shield is he;
Then, LORD, let still our hearts rejoice,
Because we trust in thee.

4 The riches of thy mercy, LORD,
Do thou to us extend;
Since we, for all we want or wish
On thee alone depend.

PSALM 29.

From the xxxiv. *Psalm of David.*

PART I. (C. M.)

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my GOD shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all that are distress'd
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 O magnify the LORD with me,
With me exalt his name:
When in distress to him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.

4 The Angel of the Lord encamps
Around the good and just;
Deliv'rance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.

5 O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

6 Fear him, ye saints; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear:
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.

PART II. (C. M.)

1 APPROACH, ye children of the Lord,
And my instruction hear;
I'll teach you the true discipline
Of his religious fear.

2 Let him who length of life desires,
And prosp'rous days would see,
From sland'ring language keep his tongue,
His lips from falsehood free;

3 The crooked paths of vice decline,
And virtue's ways pursue;
Establish peace, where 'tis begun;
And where 'tis lost, renew.

4 The LORD from heav'n beholds the just
With favourable eyes;
And, when distress'd, his gracious ear
Is open to their cries;

5 But turns his wrathful look on those
Whom mercy can't reclaim,
To cut them off, and from the earth
Blot out their evil name.

6 Deliv'rance to his saints he gives,
When his relief they crave;
He 's nigh to heal the broken heart,
And contrite spirit save.

7 Great troubles may afflict the just,
Yet GOD will save them still;
The righteous he will keep from harm,
And guard from every ill.

8 The wicked, from their wickedness
Their ruin shall derive;
Whilst righteous men, whom they detest,
Shall them and their's survive.

9 For GOD preserves the souls of those
Who on his truth depend;
To them, and their posterity
His blessings shall descend.

PSALM 30. (L. M.)

From the xxxvi. *Psalm of David.*

O LORD, thy mercy, my sure hope,
The highest orb of heav'n transcends;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope
Beyond the spreading sky extends.

2 Thy justice like the hills remains,
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are;
Thy providence the world sustains,
The whole creation is thy care.

3 Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
And saints to thy protection trust!

4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repast;
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.

5 With thee the springs of life remain,
Thy presence is eternal day;
O let thy saints thy favour gain,
To upright hearts thy truth display.

PSALM 31. (II. 2.)

From the xxxvii. *Psalm of David.*

PART I.

THOUGH wicked men grow rich or great,
Yet let not their successful state

Thy anger or thy envy raise;
For they, cut down like tender grass,
Or like young flow'rs away shall pass,
Whose blooming beauty soon decays.

2 Depend on GOD, and him obey,
So thou within the land shalt stay,
Secure from danger and from want:
Make his commands thy chief delight,
And he, thy duty to requite,
Shall all thy earnest wishes grant.

3 In all thy ways trust thou the LORD,
And he will needful help afford,
To perfect every just design;
He'll make like light, serene and clear,
Thy clouded innocence appear,
And as a mid-day sun to shine.

4 With quiet mind on GOD depend,
And patiently for him attend,
Nor envy the success of crime;
For GOD will sinful men destroy,
Whilst they his presence shall enjoy,
Who trust on him, and wait his time.

PART II. (II. 2.)

1 THE good man's way is GOD's de-
He orders all the steps aright [light:
Of him that moves by his command;
Though he sometimes may be dis-
tress'd,
Yet shall he ne'er be quite oppress'd,
For GOD upholds him with his hand.

2 With caution shun each wicked
deed,
In virtue's ways with zeal proceed,
And so prolong your happy days;
For GOD, who judgment loves, does
still
Preserve his saints secure from ill,
While soon the wicked race decays.

3 The upright shall possess the land,
His portion shall for ages stand;
His mouth with wisdom is supplied,
His tongue by rules of judgment moves,
His heart the law of God approves;
Therefore his footsteps never slide.

PART III. (II. 2.)

1 THE wicked I in pow'r have seen,
And like a bay-tree fresh and green
That spreads its pleasant branches
round:
But he was gone as swift as thought;
And, though in every place I sought,
No sign or track of him I found.

2 Observe the perfect man with care,
And mark all such as upright are;
Their roughest days in peace shall
While on the latter end of those [end:
Who dare God's sacred will oppose,
A common ruin shall attend.

3 GOD to the just will aid afford,
Their only safeguard is the LORD,
Their strength in time of need is he:
Because on him they still depend,
The LORD will timely succour send,
And from the wicked set them free.

PSALM 32. (C. M.)

From the xxxviii. *Psalm of David.*

THY chast'ning wrath, O LORD,
restrain,
Though I deserve it all;
Nor let on me the heavy storm
Of thy displeasure fall.

2 My sins, which to a deluge swell,
My sinking head o'erflow,
And, for my feeble strength to bear,
Too vast a burden grow.

3 But, LORD, before thy searching eyes
All my desires appear;
The groanings of my burden'd soul
Have reach'd thine open ear.

4 Forsake me not, O LORD, my GOD,
Nor far from me depart;
Make haste to my relief, O thou
Who my salvation art.

PSALM 33. (C. M.)

From the xxxix. *Psalm of David.*

LORD, let me know my term of
days,
How soon my life will end:
The num'rous train of ills disclose,
Which this frail state attend.

2 My life, thou know'st, is but a span,
A cipher sums my years;
And ev'ry man, in best estate,
But vanity appears.

3 Man, like a shadow, vainly walks,
With fruitless cares oppress'd;
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
By whom 'twill be possess'd.

4 Why then should I on worthless toys
With anxious cares attend?
On thee alone my steadfast hope
Shall ever, LORD, depend.

5 LORD, hear my cry accept my tears,
And listen to my prayer,
Who sojourn like a stranger here,
As all my fathers were.

6 O spare me yet a little time;
My wasted strength restore,
Before I vanish quite from hence,
And shall be seen no more.

PSALM 34. (L. M.)

From the xl. *Psalm of David.*

I WAITED meekly for the LORD,
Till he vouchsaf'd a kind reply;
Who did his gracious ear afford,
And heard from heav'n my humble cry.

2 The wonders he for me has wrought
Shall fill my mouth with songs of praise;
And others, to his worship brought,
To hopes of like deliv'rance raise.

3 For blessings shall that man reward,
Who on th' Almighty LORD relies;
Who treats the proud with disregard,
And hates the hypocrite's disguise.

4 Who can the wondrous works recount
Which thou, O GOD, for us hast wrought?
The treasures of thy love surmount
The pow'r of numbers, speech, and thought.

5 I've learnt that thou hast not desir'd
Off'rings and sacrifice alone;
Nor blood of guiltless beasts requir'd
For man's transgression to atone.

6 I therefore come—come to fulfil
The oracles thy books impart;
'Tis my delight to do thy will,
Thy law is written in my heart.

7 In full assemblies I have told
Thy truth and righteousness at large:
Nor did, thou know'st, my lips withhold
From uttering what thou gav'st in charge:

8 Nor kept within my breast confin'd
Thy faithfulness and saving grace;
But preach'd thy love, for all design'd,
That all might that and truth embrace.

9 Then let those mercies I declar'd
To others, LORD, extend to me;
Thy loving-kindness my reward,
Thy truth my safe protection be.

PSALM 35. (C. M.)

From the xli. *Psalm of David.*

HAPPY the man whose tender care
Relieves the poor distress'd!
When troubles compass him around,
The LORD shall give him rest.

2 The LORD his life, with blessings crown'd,
In safety shall prolong;
And disappoint the will of those
That seek to do him wrong.

3 If he, in languishing estate,
Oppress'd with sickness lie;
The LORD will easy make his bed,
And inward strength supply.

4 Secure of this, to thee, my GOD,
I thus my pray'r address'd;
"LORD, for thy mercy, heal my soul,
Though I have much transgress'd."

5 Thy tender care secures my life
From danger and disgrace;
And thou vouchsaf'st to set me still
Before thy glorious face.

6 Let therefore Israel's LORD and GOD
From age to age be bless'd;
And all the people's glad applause
With loud Amens express'd.

PSALM 36. (C. M.)

From the xlii. *Psalm of David.*

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase;
So longs my soul, O GOD, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my GOD, the living GOD,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O! when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty Divine?

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust GOD; who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

4 GOD of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn;
Forlorn, forsaken, and expos'd
To my oppressor's scorn?

5 My heart is pierc'd, as with a sword,
While thus my foes upbraid:
"Vain boaster, where is now thy GOD?
And where his promis'd aid?"

6 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy GOD,
Thy health's eternal spring.

PSALM 37. (H. 5.)

From the xlii. *Psalm of David.*

AS pants the wearied hart for cooling springs,
That sinks exhausted in the summer's chase,
So pants my soul for thee, great King of kings,
So thirsts to reach thy sacred dwelling place.

2 Why throb, my heart? why sink, my sadd'ning soul?
Why droop to earth, with various woes oppress'd? [roll,
My years shall yet in blissful circles
And peace be yet an inmate of this breast.

3 LORD, thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day; [of night,
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades
To thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

4 Why faint, my soul? why doubt JEHOVAH's aid?
Thy GOD the GOD of mercy still shall prove;
Within his courts thy thanks shall yet be paid—
Unquestion'd be his faithfulness and love!

PSALM 38. (L. M.)

From the xliii. *Psalm of David.*

LET me with light and truth be bless'd;
Be these my guides to lead the way,
Till on Thy holy hill I rest,
And in thy sacred temple pray.

2 Then will I there fresh altars raise
To GOD, who is my only joy;
And well-tun'd harps, with songs of praise,
Shall all my grateful hours employ.

3 Why then cast down, my soul? and why
So much oppress'd with anxious care?
On GOD, thy GOD, for aid rely,
Who will thy ruin'd state repair.

PSALM 39. (C. M.)

From the xlv. *Psalm of David.*

WHILE I the King's loud praise rehearse,
Indited by my heart,
My tongue is like the pen of him
That writes with ready art.

2 How matchless is thy form, O king!
Thy mouth with grace o'erflows;
Because fresh blessings GOD on thee
Eternally bestows.

3 Gird on thy sword, most mighty prince;
And, clad in rich array,
With glorious ornaments of pow'r,
Majestic pomp display.

4 Ride on in state, and still protect
The meek, the just, and true;
Whilst thy right hand, with swift revenge,
Does all thy foes pursue.

5 How sharp thy weapons are to them
That dare thy pow'r despise!
Down, down they fall, while through their heart
The piercing arrow flies.

6 But thy firm throne, O GOD, is fix'd,
For ever to endure;
Thy sceptre's sway shall always last,
By righteous laws secure.

7 Because thy heart, by justice led,
Did upright ways approve,
And hated still the crooked paths,
Where wand'ring sinners rove:

8 Therefore did GOD, thy GOD, on thee
The oil of gladness shed;
And has, above thy fellows round,
Advanc'd thy lofty head.

PSALM 40. (II. 2.)

From the xlvi. *Psalm of David.*

GOD is our refuge in distress,
A present help when dangers press,
In him, undaunted, we'll confide;
Though earth were from her centre tost,
And mountains in the ocean lost,
Torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.

2 A gentler stream with gladness still
The city of our LORD shall fill,
The royal seat of GOD most high:
God dwells in Sion, whose fair tow'rs
Shall mock th' assaults of earthly pow'rs,
While his Almighty aid is nigh.

3 Submit to GOD's almighty sway,
For him the heathen shall obey,
And earth her sov'reign LORD confess:
The GOD of hosts conducts our arms,
Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
As to our fathers in distress.

PSALM 41. (L. M.)

From the xlvii. *Psalm of David.*

O ALL ye people, clap your hands,
And with triumphant voices sing:
No force the mighty pow'r withstands
Of GOD, the universal King.

2 He shall assaulting foes repel,
And with success our battles fight;
Shall fix the place where we must dwell,
The pride of Jacob, his delight

3 GOD is gone up, our LORD and King,
With shouts of joy, and trumpet's sound;
To him repeated praises sing,
And let the cheerful song rebound.

4 Your utmost skill in praise be shown,
For him who all the world commands,
Who sits upon his righteous throne,
And spreads his sway o'er heathen lands.

PSALM 42. (C. M.)

From the xlviii. *Psalm of David.*

THE LORD, the only GOD, is great,
And greatly to be prais'd
In Sion, on whose happy mount
His sacred throne is rais'd.

2 In Sion we have seen perform'd
A work that was foretold,
In pledge that GOD, for times to come,
His city will uphold.

3 Let Sion's mount with joy resound;
Her daughters all be taught
In songs his judgments to extol,
Who this deliv'rance wrought.

4 Compass her walls in solemn pomp,
Your eyes quite round her cast;
Count all her tow'rs, and see if there
You find one stone displac'd.

5 Her forts and palaces survey,
Observe their order well;
That to the ages yet to come
His wonders you may tell.

6 This GOD is ours, and will be ours,
Whilst we in him confide;
Who, as he has preserv'd us now,
Till death will be our guide.

PSALM 43.

From the l. *Psalm of David.*

PART I. (II. 2.)

THE LORD hath spoke, the mighty GOD
Hath sent his summons all abroad,
From dawning light till day declines:
The list'ning earth his voice hath heard,
And he from Sion hath appear'd,
Where beauty in perfection shines.

2 Our GOD shall come, and keep no more
Misconstru'd silence as before,
But wasting flames before him send;
Around shall tempests fiercely rage,
Whilst he does heav'n and earth engage
His just tribunal to attend.

3 Assemble all my saints to me,
(Thus runs the great divine decree,)
That in my lasting cov'nant live,
And off'rings bring with constant care:
The heav'ns his justice shall declare,
For GOD himself shall sentence give

PART II. (II. 2.)

1 ATTEND, my people; Israel, hear;
Thy strong accuser I'll appear;
Thy GOD, thine only God am I:
'Tis not of off'rings I complain,
Which, daily in my temple slain,
My sacred altar did supply.

2 The sacrifices I require
Are hearts which love and zeal inspire,
And vows with strictest care made good:
In time of trouble call on me,
And I will set thee safe and free,
And thou shalt praise thy gracious GOD.

3 Consider this, ye thoughtless men!
My vengeance shall not fall in vain,
And none will dare your cause to own:
Who praises me due honour gives,
And to the man that justly lives
My strong salvation shall be shown.

PSALM 44. (S. M.)

From the li. *Psalm of David.*

HAVE mercy, LORD, on me,
As thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

2 Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

3 Against thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy sight,
Have I transgress'd; and, though condemn'd,
Must own thy judgment right.

4 In guilt each part was form'd
Of all this sinful frame;
In guilt I was conceiv'd, and born
The heir of sin and shame.

5 Yet, LORD, thy searching eye
Does inward truth require;
And secretly with wisdom's laws
My soul thou wilt inspire.

6 With hyssop purge me, LORD,
And so I clean shall be:
I shall with snow in whiteness vie,
When purified by thee.

7 Make me to hear with joy
Thy kind forgiving voice; [broke
That so the bones which thou hast
May with fresh strength rejoice.

8 Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view:
Create in me a heart that 's clean,
An upright mind renew.

9 Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight;
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
His everlasting flight.

10 The joy thy favour gives
Let me, O Lord, regain,
And thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

11 So I thy righteous ways
To sinners will impart;
Whilst my advice shall wicked men
To thy just laws convert.

12 Could sacrifice atone,
Whole flocks and herds should die;
But on such off'rings thou disdain'st
To cast a gracious eye.

13 A broken spirit is
By God most highly priz'd;
By him a broken, contrite heart,
Shall never be despis'd.

14 Let Sion favour find,
Of thy good will assur'd;
And thy own city flourish long,
By lofty walls secur'd.

15 The just shall then attend,
And pleasing tribute pay;
And sacrifice of choicest kind
Upon thy altar lay.

PSALM 45. (C. M.)

From the lv. *Psalm of David.*

GIVE ear, thou Judge of all the earth,
And listen when I pray;
Nor from thy humble suppliant turn
Thy glorious face away.

2 My heart is pain'd; the shades of death
Their terrors round me spread;
While fearful tremblings seize my breast,
Horrors o'erwhelm my head.

3 And thus I breathe my heavy sigh
To Him who hears above;
"O that my soul on wings could fly,
And emulate the dove!

4 "Swift I'd escape, and flee afar,
Some secret place to find,
Hide from the world's distracting care,
And rest my weary mind.

6 "I'd wing my everlasting flight,
Bidding the world farewell,
From sin and strife, to realms of light,
Where peace and quiet dwell."

6 Thus will I call on God, who still
Shall in my aid appear;
At morn, at noon, at night I'll pray,
And he my voice shall hear.

PSALM 46. (C. M.)

From the lvi. *Psalm of David.*

LORD! though at times surpris'd by fear,
On danger's first alarm,
Yet still for succour I depend
On thy almighty arm.

2 God's faithful promise I shall praise,
On which I now rely;
In God I trust, and, trusting him,
The arm of flesh defy.

3 I'll trust God's word, and so despise
The force that man can raise;
To thee, O God, my vows are due,
To thee I'll render praise.

4 Thou hast retriev'd my soul from death,
And thou wilt still secure [death,
The life thou hast so oft preserv'd,
And make my footsteps sure:

5 That thus, protected by thy pow'r,
I may this light enjoy;
And in the service of my God
My lengthen'd days employ.

PSALM 47. (L. M.)

From the lvii. *Psalm of David.*

O GOD, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent,
Its thankful tribute to present;
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise

2 Awake, my glory; harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute:
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the list'ning nations round:
Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

4 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
'Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

PSALM 48. (L. M.)

From the lxii. *Psalm of David.*

MY soul, for help on God rely,
On him alone thy trust repose;
My rock and health will strength supply,
To bear the shock of all my foes.

2 God does his saving health dispense,
And flowing blessings daily send:
He is my fortress and defence,
On him my soul shall still depend.

3 In him, ye people, always trust;
Before his throne pour out your hearts:
For God, the merciful and just,
His timely aid to us imparts.

4 The Lord has oft his will express'd,
And I this truth have fully known;
To be of boundless pow'r possess'd,
Belongs of right to God alone.

5 Though mercy in his darling grace,
In which he chiefly takes delight;
Yet he will all the human race
According to their works requite.

PSALM 49. (II. 2.)

From the lxiii. *Psalm of David.*

O GOD, my gracious God, to thee
My morning prayers shall offer'd be,
For thee my thirsty soul does pant;
My fainting flesh implores thy grace,
As in a dry and barren place,
Where I refreshing waters want.

2 O! to my longing eyes, once more,
That view of glorious pow'r restore,
Which thy majestic house displays:
Because to me thy wondrous love
Than life itself does dearer prove,
My lips shall always speak thy praise.

3 My life, while I that life enjoy,
In blessing God I will employ,
With lifted hands adore his name:
As with its choicest food supplied,
My soul shall be full satisfied
While I with joy his praise proclaim.

4 When down I lie, sweet sleep to find,
Thou, Lord, art present to my mind;
And when I wake in dead of night,
Because thou still dost succour bring,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing
I rest with safety and delight.

PSALM 50.

From the lxv. *Psalm of David.*

PART I. (L. M.)

FOR thee, O God, our constant praise
In Sion waits, thy chosen seat;
Our promis'd altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.

2 Thou! who to ev'ry humble pray'r,
Dost always bend thy list'ning ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop thy flowing mercy try;
Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson dye.

4 Blest is the man, who, near thee plac'd,
Within thy sacred dwelling lives!
'Tis there abundantly we taste
The vast delights thy temple gives.

PART II. (L. M.)

1 Lord! from thy unexhausted store,
Thy rain relieves the thirsty ground
Makes lands, that barren were before,
With corn and useful fruits abound.

2 On rising ridges down it pours,
And ev'ry furrow'd valley fills:
Thou mak'st them soft with gentle show'rs,
In which a blest increase distils.

3 Thy goodness does the circling year
With fresh returns of plenty crown;
And where thy glorious paths appear,
The fruitful clouds drop fatness down.

4 They drop on barren deserts, chang'd
By them to pastures fresh and green:
The hills about, in order rang'd,
In beauteous robes of joy are seen.

5 Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn
The cheerful downs; the valleys bring
A plenteous crop of full-ear'd corn,
And seem, for joy, to shout and sing

PSALM 51.

From the lxvi. *Psalm of David.*

PART I. (C. M.)

LET all the lands, with shouts of joy,
To God their voices raise;
Sing psalms in honour of his name
And spread his glorious praise.

2 And let them say, How dreadful, Lord,
In all thy works, art thou!
To thy great pow'r thy stubborn foes
Shall all be forc'd to bow.

3 Through all the earth, the nations round
Shall thee, their God, confess;
And, with glad hymns, their awful dread
Of thy great Name express.

4 O come! behold the works of God,
And then with me you'll own
That he to all the sons of men
Has wondrous judgment shown.

5 O all ye nations, bless our GOD,
And loudly speak his praise;
Who keeps our souls alive, and still
Confirms our steadfast ways.

PART II. (C. M.)

1 MY off'rings to GOD's house I'll bring,
And there my vows will pay,
Which I with solemn zeal did make
In trouble's dismal day.

2 O come, all ye that fear the LORD,
Attend with heedful care,
Whilst I what GOD for me has done
With grateful joy declare.

3 As I before his aid implor'd,
So now I praise his Name;
But, if my heart to sin incline,
My pray'r will GOD disclaim.

4 But GOD to me, whene'er I cried,
His gracious ear did bend,
And to the voice of my request
With constant love attend.

5 Then bless'd for ever be my GOD,
Who never, when I pray,
Withholds his mercy from my soul,
Nor turns his face away.

PSALM 52. (S. M.)

From the lxvii. *Psalm of David.*

TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, LORD, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine:

2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O LORD, combine
To praise thy glorious Name.

4 O let them shout and sing,
With joy and pious mirth;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

5 Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O LORD, combine
To praise thy glorious Name.

6 Then GOD upon our land
Shall constant blessings show'r;
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of his resistless pow'r

PSALM 53. (L. M.)

From the lxviii. *Psalm of David.*

THE servants of JEHOVAH's will
His favours gentle beams enjoy;
Their upright hearts let gladness fill,
And cheerful songs their tongues employ.

2 To him your voice in anthems raise,
JEHOVAH's awful Name he bears;
In him rejoice, extol his praise,
Who rides upon high-rolling spheres.

3 His chariots numberless, his pow'rs
Are heav'nly hosts, that wait his will;
His presence now fills Sion's tow'rs,
As once it honour'd Sinai's hill.

4 Ascending high, in triumph thou
Captivity hast captive led,
And on thy people didst bestow
Thy gifts and graces freely shed.

5 Ev'n rebels shall partake thy grace,
And humble proselytes repair
To worship at thy dwelling place,
And all the world pay homage there.

6 For benefits each day bestow'd,
Be daily his great Name ador'd,
Who is our Saviour and our GOD,
Of life and death the sov'reign LORD.

PSALM 54.

From the lxix. *Psalm of David.*

PART I. (L. M.)

SAVE me, O GOD, from waves that roll
And press to o'erwhelm my soul;
With painful steps in mire I tread,
And deluges o'erflow my head.

2 O LORD, to thee I will repair,
For help, with humble, timely pray'r;
Relieve me from thy mercy's store,
Display thy truth's preserving pow'r.

3 From threat'ning dangers me relieve,
And from the mire my feet retrieve;
From all my foes in safety keep,
And snatch me from the raging deep.

4 LORD, hear the humble pray'r I make,
For thy transcending goodness' sake;
Relieve thy supplicant once more
From thy abounding mercy's store.

5 Reproach and grief have broke my heart,
I look'd for some to take my part,
To pity, or relieve my pain;
But look'd, alas! for both in vain.

6 With hunger pin'd, for food I call,
Instead of food they give me gall;
And when with thirst my spirits sink,
They give me vinegar to drink.

7 For new afflictions they procur'd
For him who had thy stripes endur'd;
And made the wounds thy scourge had torn
To bleed afresh, with sharper scorn.

PART II. (L. M.)

1 My soul, howe'er distress'd and poor,
Thy strong salvation shall restore;
Thy pow'r with songs I'll then proclaim,
And celebrate with thanks thy Name.

2 Our God shall this more highly prize
Than herds or flocks in sacrifice;
Which humble saints with joy shall see,
And hope for like redress with me.

3 For God regards the poor's complaint,
And frees the captive from restraint;
Let heav'n, earth, sea, their voices raise,
And all the world resound his praise.

PSALM 55. (C. M.)

From the lxxi. *Psalm of David.*

IN thee I put my steadfast trust,
Defend me, Lord, from shame:
Incline thine ear, and save my soul,
For righteous is thy Name.

2 Be thou my strong abiding-place,
To which I may resort:
Thy promise, Lord, is my defence,
Thou art my rock and fort.

3 My steadfast and unchanging hope
Shall on thy pow'r depend;
And I in grateful songs of praise
My time to come will spend.

4 Thy righteous acts and saving health
My mouth shall still declare;
Unable yet to count them all,
Though summ'd with utmost care.

5 While God vouchsafes me his support,
I'll in his strength go on;
All other righteousness disclaim,
And mention his alone.

6 Thou, Lord, hast taught me from my youth
To praise thy glorious Name;
And ever since, thy wondrous works
Have been my constant theme.

7 Therefore, with psaltery and harp,
Thy truth, O Lord, I'll praise;
To thee, the God of Jacob's race,
My voice in anthems raise.

8 Then joy shall fill my mouth, and songs
Employ my cheerful voice;
My grateful soul, by thee redeem'd,
Shall in thy strength rejoice.

PSALM 56. (C. M.)

From the lxxii. *Psalm of David.*

LO! hills and mountains shall bring forth
The happy fruits of peace;
Which all the lands shall own to be
The work of righteousness:

2 While David's Son our needy race
Shall rule with gentle sway;
And from their humble neck shall take
Oppressive yokes away.

3 In ev'ry heart thy awful fear
Shall then be rooted fast,
As long as sun and moon endure,
Or time itself shall last.

4 He shall descend like rain, that cheers
The meadow's second birth;
Or like warm show'rs, whose gentle drops
Refresh the thirsty earth.

5 In his blest days the just and good
Shall spring up all around;
The happy land shall ev'ry where
With endless peace abound.

6 His uncontroll'd dominion shall
From sea to sea extend;
Begin at proud Euphrates' stream,
At nature's limits end.

7 To him the savage nations round
Shall bow their servile heads;
His vanquish'd foes shall lick the dust,
Where he his conquests spreads.

8 The kings of Tarshish and the isles
Shall costly presents bring;
From spicy Sheba gifts shall come,
And wealthy Saba's king.

9 To him shall ev'ry king on earth
His humble homage pay;
And diff'ring nations gladly join
To own his righteous sway.

10 For he shall set the needy free,
When they for succour cry;
Shall save the helpless and the poor
And all their wants supply.

11 For him shall constant pray'r be made
Through all his prosp'rous days:
His just dominion shall afford
A lasting theme of praise.

12 The mem'ry of his glorious Name
Through endless years shall run;
His spotless fame shall shine as bright
And lasting as the sun.

13 In him the nations of the world
Shall be completely bless'd,
And his unbounded happiness
By ev'ry tongue confess'd.

14 Then bless'd be GOD, the mighty LORD,
The GOD whom Israel fears;
Who only wondrous in his works
Beyond compare, appears.

15 Let earth be with his glory fill'd,
For ever bless his Name;
Whilst to his praise the list'ning world
Their glad assent proclaim.

PSALM 57. (L. M.)

From the lxxiii. *Psalm of David.*

THY presence, Lord, hath me supplied,
Thou my right hand support dost give:
Thou first shalt with thy counsel guide,
And then to glory me receive.

2 Whom then in heav'n, but thee alone,
Have I, whose favour I require?
Throughout the spacious earth there 's none,
Compar'd with thee, that I desire.

3 My trembling flesh and aching heart
May often fail to succour me;
But GOD shall inward strength impart,
And my eternal portion be.

4 For they that far from thee remove
Shall into sudden ruin fall;
If after other gods they rove, [all.
Thy vengeance shall destroy them

5 But as for me, 'tis good and just
That I should still to GOD repair;
In him I always put my trust,
And will his wondrous works declare.

PSALM 58. (C. M.)

From the lxxiv. *Psalm of David.*

THINE is the cheerful day, O LORD;
Thine the return of night;
Thou hast prepar'd the glorious sun,
And ev'ry feebler light.

2 By thee the borders of the earth
In perfect order stand;
The summer's warmth, and winter's cold,
Attend on thy command.

PSALM 59. (IV. 1.)

From the lxxvi. *Psalm of David.*

THE Name of our GOD
In Israel is known;
His mansion belov'd
Is Sion alone:
There broke he the arrows
The enemy hurl'd,
And honour'd his mountain
Above all the world.

2 The pride of thy foes
Is turn'd to thy praise;
Their fierceness o'errul'd
Thy providence sways:
Their sin overflowing
Thy pow'r will restrain;
Thy arm on the wicked
New glory will gain.

3 Ye nations, to GOD
Vow homage sincere;
Devote to him gifts,
Love, worship, and fear!
Before him, ye mighty,
Your spirits repress!
Ye high, and ye humble,
His wonders confess!

PSALM 60. (C. M.)

From the lxxviii. *Psalm of David.*

HEAR, O my people, to my law
Devout attention lend;
Let the instruction of my mouth
Deep in your hearts descend.

2 My tongue shall oracles proclaim
Which ancient times have known;
The truths which our forefathers' care
To us has handed down.

3 We will not hide them from our sons,
Our offspring shall be taught
The praises of the LORD, whose strength
Has works of wonder wrought.

4 For Jacob he his law ordain'd,
His league with Israel made;
With charge to be from age to age,
From race to race, convey'd.

5 That generations yet to come
Should to their unborn heirs
Religiously transmit the same,
And they again to theirs.

6 To teach them that in GOD alone
Their hope securely stands;
That they should ne'er his works for-
But keep his just commands. [get,

PSALM 61. (L. M.)

From the lxxx. *Psalm of David.*

O THOU whom heav'nly hosts obey,
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?
How long thy suff'ring people pray,
And to their prayers have no return?

2 Thou brought'st a vine from Egypt's land;
And casting out the heathen race,
Didst plant it with thine own right hand,
And firmly fix it in their place.

3 Before it thou prepar'dst the way,
And mad'st it take a lasting root,
Which, bless'd with thy indulgent ray,
O'er all the land did widely shoot.

4 The hills were cover'd with its shade,
Its goodly boughs did cedars seem;
Its branches to the sea were spread,
And reach'd to proud Euphrates' stream.

5 To thee, O GOD of hosts, we pray,
Thy wonted goodness, LORD, renew;
From heav'n, thy throne, this vine survey,
And her sad state with pity view.

6 Behold the vineyard made by thee,
Which thy right hand did guard so long;
And keep that branch from danger free,
Which for thyself thou mad'st so strong.

7 Do thou convert us, LORD, do thou
The lustre of thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd clouds, shall pass away.

PSALM 62. (C. M.)

From the lxxxi. *Psalm of David.*

TO GOD, our never-failing strength,
With loud applauses sing:
And jointly make a cheerful noise
To Jacob's awful King.

2 Compose a hymn of praise, and touch
Your instruments of joy;
Let psalteries and tuneful harps
Your grateful skill employ.

3 Let trumpets at the festival
Their joyful voices raise,
To celebrate th' appointed time,
The solemn day of praise.

4 For this a statute was of old,
Which Jacob's GOD decreed
To be with pious care observ'd
By Israel's chosen seed.

PSALM 63. (C. M.)

From the lxxxiv. *Psalm of David.*

O GOD of hosts, the mighty LORD,
How lovely is the place
Where thou, enthron'd in glory,
The brightness of thy face! [show'st

2 My longing soul faints with desire
To view thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living GOD.

3 The birds, more happy far than I,
Around thy temple throng;
Securely there they build, and there
Securely hatch their young.

4 O LORD of hosts, my king and GOD,
How highly bless'd are they,
Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praise display!

5 Thrice happy they, whose choice has
Their sure protection made, [thee
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to thy dwelling lead!

6 Who pass through parch'd and thirsty vales,
Yet no refreshment want; [thou
Their pools are filled with rain, which
At their request dost grant.

7 Thus they proceed from strength to strength,
And still approach more near;
Till all on Sion's holy mount
Before their GOD appear.

8 Within thy courts one single day
'Tis better to attend,
Than, LORD, in any other place
A thousand days to spend.

9 Much rather in GOD's house will I
The meanest office take,
Than in the wealthy tents of sin
My pompous dwelling make.

10 For GOD, who is our Sun and Shield,
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will he withhold
From them that justly live.

11 Thou, GOD, whom heavenly hosts
How highly bless'd is he, [obey
Whose hope and trust, securely plac'd,
Are still reposed on thee!

PSALM 64. (C. M.)

From the lxxxv. *Psalm of David.*

O GOD our Saviour, all our hearts
To thy obedience turn;

That, quench'd with our repenting tears,
Thy wrath no more may burn.

2 For why should'st thou be angry still,
And wrath so long retain?
Revive us, LORD, and let thy saints
Thy wonted comfort gain.

3 Thy gracious favour, LORD, display,
Which we have long implor'd:
And, for thy wondrous mercy's sake,
Thy wonted aid afford.

4 GOD's answer patiently I'll wait;
For he with glad success,
If they no more to folly turn,
His mourning saints will bless.

5 To all that fear GOD's holy Name
His sure salvation's near;
His glory in our happy land
For ever shall appear.

6 For mercy now with truth is join'd;
And righteousness with peace,
Like kind companions, absent long,
With friendly arms embrace.

7 Truth from the earth shall spring, whilst heav'n
Shall streams of justice pour;
And GOD, from whom all goodness flows,
Shall endless plenty show'r.

8 Before him righteousness shall march,
And his just paths prepare;
While we his holy steps pursue
With constant zeal and care.

PSALM 65. (C. M.)

From the lxxxvi. *Psalm of David.*

TO my complaint, O Lord my God,
Thy gracious ear incline;
Hear me, distress'd and destitute
Of all relief but thine.

2 Do thou, O GOD, preserve my soul,
That does thy Name adore;
Thy servant keep, and him whose trust
Relies on thee, restore.

3 To me, who daily thee invoke,
Thy mercy, LORD, extend;
Refresh thy servant's soul, whose hopes
On thee alone depend.

4 Thou, LORD, art good, nor only good,
But prompt to pardon too;
Of plenteous mercy to all those
Who for thy mercy sue.

5 To my repeated humble pray'r,
O LORD, attentive be;
When troubled, I on thee will call,
For thou wilt answer me.

6 Among the gods there's none like thee,
O LORD, alone divine!
To thee as much inferior they,
As are their works to thine.

7 Therefore their great Creator, thee,
The nations shall adore;
Their long-misguided pray'rs and praise
To thy bless'd Name restore.

8 All shall confess thee great, and great
The wonders thou hast done;
Confess thee GOD, the GOD supreme,
Confess thee GOD alone.

9 Teach me thy way, O LORD, and I
From truth shall ne'er depart;
In rev'rence to thy sacred Name
Devoutly fix my heart.

10 Thee will I praise, O LORD my GOD,
Praise thee with heart sincere,
And to thy everlasting Name
Eternal trophies rear.

11 Thy boundless mercy shown to me
Transcends my pow'r to tell;
For thou hast oft redeem'd my soul
From lowest deeps of hell.

12 And thou thy constant goodness didst
To my assistance bring:
Of patience, mercy, and of truth,
Thou everlasting spring!

PSALM 66. (II. 3.)

From the lxxxvii. *Psalm of David.*

GOD'S temple crowns the holy mount,
The LORD there condescends to dwell;
His Sion's gates, in his account,
Our Israel's fairest tents excel:
Yea, glorious things of thee we sing,
O city of th' almighty King!

2 Of honour'd Sion we aver,
Illustrious throngs from her proceed
Th' Almighty shall establish her,
And shall enrol her holy seed:
Yea, for his people he shall count
The children of his favour'd mount.

3 He 'll Sion find with numbers fill'd
Who celebrate his matchless praise;
Who, here in hallelujahs skill'd,
In heav'n their harps and hymns shall raise:
O Sion, seat of Israel's King,
Be mine to drink thy living spring!

PSALM 67. (L. M.)

From the lxxxviii. *Psalm of David.*

GOD of my life, O LORD most high,
To thee by day and night I cry;
Vouchsafe my mournful voice to hear,
To my distress incline thine ear.

2 Like those whose strength and hopes are fled,
They number me among the dead;
Like those who, shrouded in the grave,
From thee no more remembrance have.

3 Wilt thou by miracle revive
The dead whom thou forsook'st alive?
Shall the mute grave thy love confess,
A mould'ring tomb thy faithfulness?

4 To thee, O LORD, I cry forlorn,
My pray'r prevents the early morn.
Why hast thou, LORD, my soul forsook,
Nor once vouchsaf'd a gracious look?

5 Companions dear, and friends belov'd,
Far from my sight thou hast remov'd:
GOD of my life, O LORD most high,
Vouchsafe to hear my mournful cry!

PSALM 68. (L. M.)

From the lxxxix. *Psalm of David.*

THY mercies, LORD, shall be my song,
My song on them shall ever dwell;
To ages yet unborn, my tongue
Thy never-failing truth shall tell.

2 I have affirm'd, and still maintain,
Thy mercy shall for ever last;
Thy truth, that does the heav'ns sustain,
Like them shall stand for ever fast.

3 Thus spak'st thou by thy prophet's voice:
"With David I a league have made;
To him, my servant, and my choice,
By solemn oath this grant convey'd:

4 "While earth, and seas, and skies endure,
Thy seed shall in my sight remain;
To them thy throne I will ensure,
They shall to endless ages reign."

5 For such stupendous truth and love,
Both heav'n and earth just praises owe,
By choirs of angels sung above,
And by assembled saints below.

6 What seraph of celestial birth
To vie with Israel's GOD shall dare?
Or who among the gods of earth
With our almighty LORD compare?

7 With rev'rence and religious dread,
His saints should to his temple press;
His fear through all their hearts should spread,
Who his almighty Name confess.

8 LORD GOD of armies, who can boast
Of strength or pow'r like thine renown'd?
Of such a num'rous, faithful host,
As that which does thy throne surround?

9 Thou dost the lawless sea control,
And change the prospect of the deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll;
Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep.

10 In thee the sov'reign right remains
Of earth and heav'n; thee, LORD, alone
The world, and all that it contains,
Their Maker and Preserver own.

11 Thine arm is mighty, strong thy hand,
Yet, LORD, thou dost with justice reign;
Possess'd of absolute command,
Thou truth and mercy dost maintain.

12 Happy, thrice happy they, who hear
Thy sacred trumpet's joyful sound;
Who may at festivals appear,
With thy most glorious presence crown'd.

13 Thy saints shall always be o'er joy'd,
Who on thy sacred name rely;
And, in thy righteousness employ'd,
Above their foes be rais'd on high.

14 For in thy strength they shall advance,
Whose conquests from thy favour spring;
The LORD of hosts is our defence,
And Israel's GOD our Israel's King

PSALM 69.

From the xc. *Psalm of David.*

PART I. (C. M.)

O LORD, the Saviour and defence
Of us thy chosen race,
From age to age thou still hast been
Our sure abiding-place.

2 Before thou brought'st the mountains forth,
Or th' earth and world didst frame,
Thou always wast the mighty GOD,
And ever art the same.

3 Thou turnest man, O LORD, to dust,
Of which he first was made;
And when thou speak'st the word, 'Return,'
'Tis instantly obey'd.

4 For in thy sight a thousand years
Are like a day that's past;
Or like a watch in dead of night,
Whose hours unminded waste.

5 Thou sweep'st us off as with a flood,
We vanish hence like dreams:—
At first we grow like grass that feels
The sun's reviving beams;

6 But howsoever fresh and fair
Its morning beauty shows,
'Tis all cut down and wither'd quite
Before the evening close.

7 We by thine anger are consum'd,
And by thy wrath dismay'd;
Our public crimes and secret sins
Before thy sight are laid.

8 Beneath thine anger's sad effects
Our drooping days we spend;
Our unregarded years break off,
Like tales that quickly end.

9 Our term of time is seventy years,
An age that few survive:
But if, with more than common strength,
To eighty we arrive—

10 Yet then our boasted strength decays,
To sorrow turn'd and pain;
So soon the slender thread is cut,
And we no more remain.

PART II. (C. M.)

1 BUT who thine anger's dread effects
Does, as he ought, revere?
And yet thy wrath does fall or rise,
As more or less we fear.

2 So teach us, LORD, th' uncertain sum
Of our short days to mind,
That to true wisdom all our hearts
May ever be inclin'd.

3 O to thy servants, LORD, return,
And speedily relent!
As we of our misdeeds, do thou
Of our just doom repent.

4 To satisfy and cheer our souls,
Thy early mercy send;
That we may all our days to come
In joy and comfort spend.

5 To all thy servants, LORD, let this
Thy wond'rous work be known;
And to our offspring yet unborn,
Thy glorious pow'r be shown.

6 Let thy bright rays upon us shine,
Give thou our work success;
The glorious work we have in hand
Do thou vouchsafe to bless.

PSALM 70.

From the xci. *Psalm of David.*

PART I. (II. 2.)

HE that has GOD his guardian made,
Shall under the Almighty's shade
Secure and undisturb'd abide;
Thus to my soul of him I'll say,
He is my fortress and my stay,
My GOD, in whom I will confide.

2 His tender love and watchful care
Shall free thee from the fowler's snare,
And from the noisome pestilence;
He over thee his wings shall spread,
And cover thy unguarded head;
His truth shall be thy strong defence.

3 No terrors that surprise by night
Shall thy undaunted courage fright,
Nor deadly shafts that fly by day,
Nor plague, of unknown rise, that kills
In darkness, nor infectious ills
That in the burning noon-tide slay.

4 Because, with well-plac'd confidence,
Thou mak'st the LORD thy sure defence,
Thy refuge, even GOD most High,
Therefore no ill on thee shall come,
Nor to thy heav'n-protected home
Shall overwhelming plagues draw nigh.

PART III. (III. 3.)

1 GOD shall charge his angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

2 On the lion vainly roaring,
On his young, thy foot shall tread;
And, the dragon's den exploring,
Thou shalt bruise the serpent's head.

3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on GOD hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He will shield thee from above.

4 Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

PSALM 71. (C. M.)

From the xcii. *Psalm of David.*

HOW good and pleasant must it be
To thank the LORD most high;
And with repeated hymns of praise
His name to magnify!

2 With ev'ry morning's early dawn
His goodness to relate;
And of his constant truth, each night,
The glad effects repeat!

3 To ten-string'd instruments we'll sing,
With tuneful psalteries join'd;
And to the harp, with solemn sounds,
For sacred use design'd.

4 For through thy wondrous works, O LORD,
Thou mak'st my heart rejoice; [glad,
The thoughts of them shall make me
And shout with cheerful voice.

5 How wondrous are thy works, O LORD!
How deep are thy decrees! [must
Whose winding tracks, in secret laid,
No careless sinner sees.

6 He little thinks, when wicked men,
Like grass, look fresh and gay,
How soon their short-liv'd splendour
For ever pass away.

7 But thou, my GOD, art still most high;
And all thy lofty foes,
Who thought they might securely sin,
Shall be o'erwhelm'd with woes.

8 But righteous men, like rising palms,
Shall grow and flourish still;
Thy flock shall spread, like cedars
On Lebanon's high hill. [choice

9 These, planted in the house of GOD,
Within his courts shall thrive;
Their vigour and their lustre both
Shall in old age revive.

10 Thus will the LORD his justice show;
And GOD, my strong defence,
Shall due rewards to all the world
Impartially dispense.

PSALM 72. (L. M.)

From the xciii. *Psalm of David.*

WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
The LORD, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

2 How surely stablish'd is thy throne!
Which shall no change or period see;
For thou, O LORD, and thou alone,
Art GOD from all eternity.

3 The floods, O LORD, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But GOD above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

4 Thy promise, LORD, is ever sure,
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

PSALM 73.

From the xciv. *Psalm of David.*

PART I. (C. M.)

SAY ye, the LORD shall not regard,
Shall not your sins discern?
Take heed, ye foolish and unwise;
When will ye wisdom learn?

2 Can he be deaf who form'd the ear,
Or blind, who fram'd the eye?
Shall earth's great Judge not punish those
Who his known will defy?

3 He fathoms all the hearts of men,
To him their thoughts lie bare;
His eye surveys them all, and sees
How vain their counsels are.

PART II. (C. M.)

1 BLESS'D is the man whom thou, O LORD,
In kindness dost chastise,
And by thy sacred rules to walk
Dost lovingly advise.

2 This man shall rest and safety find,
In seasons of distress:
Whilst GOD prepares a pit for those
That stubbornly transgress.

3 For GOD will never from his saints
His favour wholly take;
His own possession and his lot
He will not quite forsake.

4 The world shall yet confess thee just
In all that thou hast done:
And those that choose thy upright ways
Shall in those paths go on.

5 Long since had I in silence slept,
But that the LORD was near,
To stay me when I slipp'd; when sad,
My troubled heart to cheer.

6 My soul's defence is firmly plac'd
In GOD, the LORD most high:
He is my rock, to which I may
For refuge always fly.

PSALM 74. (L. M.)

From the xcv. *Psalm of David.*

O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's rock we praise.

2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his Name belongs,

3 For GOD the LORD, enthron'd in state,
Is, with unrivall'd glory, great;
A King superior far to all
Whom gods the heathen falsely call.

4 The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command;
The strength of hills that reach the skies
Subjected to his empire lies.

5 The rolling ocean's vast abyss
By the same sov'reign right is his;
'Twas made by his almighty hand,
That form'd and fix'd the solid land.

6 O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the LORD, our Maker, fall.

7 For he 's our God, our shepherd he,
His flock and pasture sheep are we:
O then, ye faithful flock, to-day
His warning hear, his voice obey.

PSALM 75. (II. 8.)

From the xcvi. *Psalm of David.*

SING to the LORD a new-made song;
Let earth, in one assembled throng,
Sound her common patron's praise re-
Sing to the LORD, and bless his name,
From day to day his praise proclaim,
Who us has with salvation crown'd:
To heathen lands his fame rehearse,
His wonders to the universe.

2 He 's great, and greatly to be prais'd;
In majesty and glory rais'd
Above all other deities;
For pageantry and idols all
Are they whom gods the heathen call;
He only rules who made the skies:
With majesty and honour crown'd,
Glory and strength his throne surround.

3 Be glory then to him restor'd
By all who have false gods ador'd:
Ascribe due honour to his Name,
Peace-off'rings on his altar lay,
Before his throne your homage pay,
Which he, and he alone can claim:
To worship at his sacred court,
Let all the trembling world resort.

4 Proclaim aloud, JEHOVAH reigns,
Whose pow'r the universe sustains,
And banish'd justice will restore:
Let therefore heav'n new joys confess,
And heav'nly mirth let earth express,
Its loud applause the ocean roar,
Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
And for this triumph find a voice.

5 For joy let fertile valleys sing,
The cheerful groves their tribute bring,
And tuneful harmonies awake:
Behold! in truth and justice clad,
God comes to judge the world he made,
And to himself its throne to take:
He 's come, to judge the world he 's come,
With justice to reward and doom.

PSALM 76. (L. M.)

From the xcvii. *Psalm of David.*

JEHOVAH reigns, let all the earth
In his just government rejoice;
Let all the lands, with sacred mirth,
In his applause unite their voice.

2 Darkness and clouds of awful shade
His dazzling glory shroud in state;
Judgment and righteousness are made
The habitation of his seat.

3 For thou, O GOD, art seated high,
Above earth's potentates enthron'd;
Thou, LORD, unrivall'd in the sky,
Supreme by all the gods art own'd.

4 Ye who to serve this LORD aspire,
Abhor what 's ill, and truth esteem;
He'll keep his servants' souls entire,
And them from wicked hands redeem.

5 For seeds are sown of glorious light,
A future harvest for the just;
And gladness for the heart that 's right,
To recompense its pious trust.

6 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the LORD;
Memorials of his holiness
Deep in your faithful breasts record,
And with your thankful tongues confess.

PSALM 77. (C. M.)

From the xcviii. *Psalm of David.*

SING to the LORD a new-made song,
Who wondrous things has done;
With his right hand and holy arm,
The conquest he has won.

2 The LORD has through th' astonish'd world
Display'd his saving might,
And made his righteous acts appear
In all the heathen's sight.

3 Of Israel's house his love and truth
Have ever mindful been;
Wide earth's remotest parts the pow'r
Of Israel's GOD have seen.

4 Let therefore earth's inhabitants
Their cheerful voices raise,
And all with universal joy
Resound their Maker's praise.

5 With harp and hymn's soft melody,
Into the concert bring
The trumpet and shrill cornet's sound,
Before th' almighty King.

6 Let the loud ocean roar her joy,
With all that seas contain;
The earth and her inhabitants
Join concert with the main.

7 Let floods and torrents clap their hands,
With joy their homage pay;
Let echoing vales, from hill to hill,
Redoubled shouts convey:

8 To welcome down the world's great Judge,
Who does with justice come,
And with impartial equity,
Both to reward and doom.

PSALM 78. (C. M.)

From the xcix. *Psalm of David.*

JEHOVAH reigns; let therefore all
The guilty nations quake:
On cherubs' wings he sits enthron'd;
Let earth's foundations shake.

2 On Sion's hill he keeps his court,
His palace makes her tow'rs;
And thence his sov'reignty extends
Supreme o'er earthly pow'rs.

3 Let therefore all with praise address
His great and dreadful Name;
And, with his unresisted might,
His holiness proclaim.

4 For truth and justice, in his reign,
Of strength and pow'r take place;
His judgments are with righteousness
Dispens'd to Jacob's race.

5 Therefore exalt the LORD our GOD,
Before his footstool fall;
And, with his unresisted might,
His holiness extol.

6 With worship at his sacred courts
Exalt our GOD and LORD;
For he, who only holy is,
Alone should be ador'd.

PSALM 79. (L. M.)

From the c. *Psalm of David.*

WITH one consent let all the earth
To GOD their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise:

2 Convinc'd that he is GOD alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

3 O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his Name with praises bless.

4 For he 's the LORD, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

PSALM 80.

From the cii. *Psalm of David.*

PART I. (C. M.)

WHEN I pour out my soul in pray'r,
Do thou, O LORD, attend;
To thy eternal throne of grace
Let my sad cry ascend.

2 O hide not thou thy glorious face
In times of deep distress;
Incline thine ear, and, when I call,
My sorrows soon redress.

3 My days, just hast'ning to their end,
Are like an ev'ning shade;
My beauty does, like wither'd grass,
With waning lustre fade.

4 But thine eternal state, O LORD,
No length of time shall waste;
The mem'ry of thy wondrous works
From age to age shall last.

PART II. (C. M.)

1 GOD shall arise, and Sion view
With an unclouded face:
For now her time is come, his own
Appointed day of grace.

2 The name and glory of the LORD
All heathen kings shall fear,
When he shall Sion build again,
And in full state appear.

3 For GOD, from his abode on high,
His gracious beams display'd;
The LORD from heav'n, his lofty throne,
Hath all the earth survey'd.

4 That they, in Sion, where he dwells,
Might celebrate his fame,
And thro' the holy city sing
Loud praises to his Name.

PART III. (C. M.)

1 THE strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
Thy hands, O Lord, the arch of heav'n
With wondrous skill have made.

2 Whilst thou for ever shalt endure,
They soon shall pass away;
And, like a garment often worn,
Shall tarnish and decay.

3 Like that, when thou ordain'st their change,
To thy command they bend;
But thou continu'st still the same,
Nor have thy years an end.

4 Thou to the children of thy saints
Shalt lasting quiet give;
Whose happy race, securely fix'd,
Shall in thy presence live.

PSALM 81. (L. M.)

From the ciii. *Psalm of David.*

MY soul, inspir'd with sacred love,
GOD's holy Name for ever bless;
Of all his favours mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks express.

2 'Tis he that all thy sins forgives,
And after sickness make thee sound;
From danger he thy life retrieves,
By him with grace and mercy crown'd.

3 He with good things thy mouth supplies,
Thy vigour eagle-like restores;
He to the suff'rer promptly flies,
Who, wrong'd, his righteous help implores.

4 The LORD abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace;
His waken'd wrath doth slowly move,
His willing mercy flies apace.

5 GOD will not always harshly chide,
But with his anger quickly part;
And loves his punishments to guide
More by his love than our desert.

6 As high as heav'n its arch extends
Above this little spot of clay,
So much his boundless love transcends
The small respects that we can pay.

7 As far as 'tis from east to west,
So far has he our sins remov'd;
Who, with a father's tender breast,
Has such as fear him always lov'd.

8 For GOD, who all our frame surveys,
Considers that we are but clay;
How fresh soe'er we seem, our days
Like grass or flow'rs must fade away.

9 Whilst they are nipp'd with sudden blasts,
Nor can we find their former place,
GOD's faithful mercy ever lasts
To those that fear him and their race.

10 This shall attend on such as still
Proceed in his appointed way;
And who not only know his will,
But to it just obedience pay.

11 The LORD, the universal King,
In heav'n has fix'd his lofty throne:
To him, ye angels, praises sing,
In whose great strength his pow'r is shown.

12 Ye that his just commands obey,
And hear and do his sacred will,
Ye hosts of his, this tribute pay,
Who still what he ordains fulfil.

13 Let ev'ry creature jointly bless
The mighty LORD; and thou, my heart,
With grateful joy thy thanks express,
And in this concert bear thy part.

PSALM 82. (S. M.)

From the ciii. *Psalm of David.*

O BLESS the LORD, my soul,
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me, join
To bless his holy Name.

2 O bless the LORD, my soul,
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits,
Who is to thee so kind.

3 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

4 He feeds thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth;
And, like the eagle's, he renews
The vigour of thy youth.

5 Then, bless the LORD, my soul,
His grace, his love proclaim:
Let all that is within me, join
To bless his holy Name.

PSALM 83.

From the civ. *Psalm of David.*

PART I. (L. M.)

BLESS GOD, my soul; thou, LORD, alone
Possessest empire without bounds,
With honour thou art crown'd, thy throne
Eternal majesty surrounds.

2 With light thou dost thyself enrobe,
And glory for a garment take;
Heav'n's curtains stretch beyond the globe,
Thy canopy of state to make.

3 GOD builds on liquid air, and forms
His palace chambers in the skies;
The clouds his chariots are, and storms
The swift-wing'd steeds with which he flies.

4 As bright as flame, as swift as wind,
His ministers heav'n's palace fill;
They have their sundry tasks assign'd,
All prompt to do their Sov'reign's will.

5 In praising GOD while he prolongs
My breath, I will that breath employ;
And join devotion to my songs,
Sincere, as in him is my joy.

PART II. (L. M.)

1 How various, LORD, thy works are found,
For which thy wisdom we adore!
The earth is with thy treasure crown'd,
'Till nature's hand can grasp no more.

2 All creatures, both of sea and land,
In sense of common want agree;
All wait on thy dispensing hand,
And have their daily alms from thee.

3 They gather what thy stores disperse,
Without their trouble to provide;
Thou op'st thy hand, the universe,
The craving world, is all supplied.

4 Thou for a moment hid'st thy face,
The num'rous ranks of creatures mourn;
Thou tak'st their breath, all nature's race
Decay, and to their dust return.

5 Again thou send'st thy spirit forth,
Inspiring vital energies;
Nature 's restor'd; replenish'd earth,
Joyous, her new creation sees.

6 Thus through successive ages stands
Firm fix'd thy providential care;
Pleas'd with the work of thine own hands,
Thou dost the waste of time repair.

PSALM 84. (II. 3.)

From the civ. *Psalm of David.*

HOW manifold thy works, O LORD,
In wisdom, pow'r, and goodness wrought!
The earth is with thy riches stor'd,
And ocean with thy wonders fraught:
Unfathom'd caves beneath the deep
For thee their hidden treasures keep.

2 By thee alone the living live,
Hide but thy face, their comforts fly;
They gather what thy seasons give,
Take thou away their breath, they die;
But send again thy spirit forth,
And life renews the gladden'd earth.

3 Joy in his works JEHOVAH takes,
Yet to destruction they return;
He looks upon the earth, it quakes,
Touches the mountains, and they burn:
But GOD for ever is the same;
Glory to his eternal Name!

PSALM 85. (C. M.)

From the cv. *Psalm of David.*

O RENDER thanks, and bless the LORD,
Invoke his sacred Name;
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
His matchless deeds proclaim.

2 Sing to his praise in lofty hymns,
His wondrous works rehearse;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.

3 Rejoice in his almighty Name,
Alone to be ador'd;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy
That humbly seek the LORD.

4 Seek ye the LORD, his saving strength
Devoutly still implore;
And, where he 's ever present, seek
His face for evermore.

5 The wonders that his hands have wrought
Keep thankfully in mind;
The righteous statutes of his mouth,
And laws to us assign'd.

PSALM 86. (L. M.)

From the cvi. *Psalm of David.*

O RENDER thanks to GOD above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray;
Who know what 's right; nor only so,
But always practise what they know.

4 Extend to me that favour, LORD,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

5 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity;
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine.

6 Let Israel's GOD be ever bless'd,
His Name eternally confess'd;
Let all his saints, with full accord,
Sing loud Amens—praise ye the LORD!

PSALM 87.

From the cvii. *Psalm of David.*

PART I. (III. 1.)

MAGNIFY Jehovah's Name;
For his mercies ever sure,
From eternity the same,
To eternity endure.

2 Let his ransom'd flock rejoice,
Gather'd out of ev'ry land,
As the people of his choice,
Pluck'd from the destroyer's hand.

3 In the wilderness astray,
In the lonely waste, they roam,
Hungry, fainting by the way,
Far from refuge, shelter, home:—

4 To the LORD their GOD they cry;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliv'rance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear:

5 Them to pleasant lands he brings,
Where the vine and olive grow;
Where, from verdant hills, the springs
Through luxuriant vallies flow.

6 O that men would praise the LORD,
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace!

PART II. (C. M.)

1 THY wondrous pow'r, Almighty LORD,
That rules the boist'rous sea,
The bold adventurers record,
Who tempt that dang'rous way.

2 At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the tow'ring waves;
While they astonish'd mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.

3 Dismay'd they climb the wat'ry hills,
Dismay'd they plunge again;
Each like a tott'ring drunkard reels,
And finds his courage vain.

4 Then to the LORD they raise their cries,
He hears their loud request,
He calms the fierce tempestuous skies,
And lays the floods to rest.

5 Rejoicing, they forget their fears,
They see the storm allay'd:
The wish'd for haven now appears;
There, let their vows be paid!

6 O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the LORD!
And those who see his wondrous ways
His wondrous love record!

PSALM 88. (C. M.)

From the cviii. *Psalm of David.*

O GOD, my heart is fully bent
To magnify thy Name;
My tongue with cheerful songs of praise
Shall celebrate thy fame.

2 Awake, my lute; nor thou, my harp,
Thy warbling notes delay;
Whilst I with early hymns of joy
Prevent the dawning day.

3 To all the list'ning tribes, O LORD,
Thy wonders I will tell,
And to those nations sing thy praise
That round about us dwell;

4 Because thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heav'n transcends,
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.

5 Be thou, O GOD, exalted high
Above the starry frame;
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess thy glorious Name.

PSALM 89. (II. 2.)

From the cx. *Psalm of David.*

THE LORD unto my Lord thus spake:
"'Till I thy foes thy footstool make,
Sit thou in state at my right hand;

Supreme in Sion thou shalt be,
And all thy proud opposers see
Subjected to thy just command.

2 "Thee, in thy pow'r's triumphant day,
Thy willing people shall obey;
And, when thy rising beams they view,
Shall all, (redeem'd from error's night,)
Appear more numerous and bright
Than crystal drops of morning dew."

3 The LORD hath sworn, nor sworn in vain,
That, like Melchisedec's, thy reign
And priesthood shall no period see:
Anointed Prince! thou, bending low,
Shalt drink where darkest torrents flow,
Then raise thy head in victory!

PSALM 90. (L. M.)

From the cxi. *Psalm of David.*

PRAISE ye the LORD! our GOD to praise
My soul her utmost pow'r shall raise;
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, his praise shall be my song.

2 His works, for greatness though renown'd,
His wondrous works with ease are found
By those who seek for them aright,
And in the pious search delight.

3 His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim;
His truth, confirm'd through ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last.

4 By precepts he hath us enjoin'd
To keep his wondrous works in mind;
And to posterity record
That good and gracious is our LORD.

5 His bounty, like a flowing tide,
Has all his servants' wants supplied;
And he will ever keep in mind
His cov'nant with our fathers sign'd.

6 Just are the dealings of his hands,
Immutable are his commands,
By truth and equity sustain'd,
And for eternal rules ordain'd.

7 He set his saints from bondage free,
And then establish'd his decree,
For ever to remain the same:
Holy and rev'rend is his Name.

8 Who wisdom's sacred prize would win
Must with the fear of GOD begin:
Immortal praise and heav'nly skill
Have they who know and do his will.

PSALM 91. (L. M.)

From the cxii. *Psalm of David.*

THAT man is bless'd who stands in awe
Of GOD, and loves his sacred law;
His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
And with successive honours crown'd.

2 The soul that 's fill'd with virtue's light
Shines brightest in affliction's night;
To pity the distress'd inclin'd,
As well as just to all mankind.

3 His lib'ral favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends;
Yet what his charity impairs
He saves by prudence in affairs.

4 Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground;
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

PSALM 92. (II. 2.)

From the cxiii. *Psalm of David.*

YE saints and servants of the LORD,
The triumphs of his Name record;
His sacred Name for ever bless:
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his great Name address.

2 GOD through the world extends his sway;
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of his glory are:
With him whose majesty excels,
Who made the heav'n in which he dwells,
Let no created pow'r compare.

3 Though 'tis beneath his state to view
In highest heav'n what angels do,
Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care;
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion of the greatest there.

PSALM 93. (C. M.)

From the cxv. *Psalm of David.*

LORD, not to us, we claim no share,
But to thy sacred Name
Give glory, for thy mercy's sake,
And truth's eternal fame.

2 Why should the heathen cry, "Where 's now
The GOD whom ye adore?" [art,
Convince them that in heav'n thou
And uncontroll'd thy pow'r.

3 O Israel, make the LORD your trust,
Who is your help and shield;
Priests, Levites, trust in him alone,
Who only help can yield.

4 Let all who truly fear the LORD
On him they fear rely;
Who them in danger can defend,
And all their wants supply.

5 Of us he oft has mindful been,
And Israel's house will bless;
Priests, Levites, proselytes, ev'n all
Who his great Name confess.

6 On you, and on your heirs, he will
Increase of blessings bring:
Thrice happy you, who fav'rites are
Of this almighty King!

7 Heav'n's highest orb of glory he
His empire's seat design'd;
And gave this lower globe of earth
A portion to mankind.

8 They who in death and silence sleep
To him no praise afford;
But we will bless for evermore
Our ever-living LORD.

PSALM 94. (C. M.)

From the cxvi. *Psalm of David.*

MY soul with grateful thoughts of love
Entirely is possess'd,
Because the LORD vouchsaf'd to hear
The voice of my request.

2 Since he has now his ear inclin'd,
I never will despair;
But still in all the straits of life
To him address my pray'r.

3 With deadly sorrows compass'd round,
With pains of hell oppress'd,
When troubles seiz'd my aching heart,
And anguish rack'd my breast,—

4 On GOD'S almighty Name I call'd,
And thus to him I pray'd;
"LORD, I beseech thee save my soul,
With sorrows quite dismay'd."

5 How just and merciful is GOD,
How gracious is the LORD!
Who saves the harmless, and to me
Does timely help afford.

6 Then, free from pensive cares, my soul,
Resume thy wonted rest;
For GOD has wond'rously to thee
His bounteous love express'd.

7 When death alarm'd me, he remov'd
My dangers and my fears;
My feet from falling he secur'd,
And dried my eyes from tears.

8 Therefore my life's remaining years,
Which GOD to me shall lend,
Will I, in praises to his Name,
And in his service, spend.

9 In GOD I trusted, and of him
Did boast in greatest fear;
Though in my trouble I exclaim'd,
All men are insincere.

10 O what return to GOD shall I
For all his goodness make?
I'll praise his Name, and with glad zeal
The cup of blessing take.

11 I'll pay my vows among his saints,
Whose blood (howe'er despis'd
By wicked men) in GOD'S account
Is always highly priz'd.

12 To thee I'll off'rings bring of praise;
And while I bless thy Name,
The just performance of my vows
To all thy saints proclaim.

13 They in Jerusalem shall meet,
And in thy house shall join
To bless thy Name with one consent,
And mix their songs with mine.

PSALM 95. (C. M.)

From the cxvii. *Psalm of David.*

WITH cheerful notes let all the earth
To heav'n their voices raise;
Let all, inspir'd with godly mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise.

2 GOD'S tender mercy knows no bound
His truth shall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.

PSALM 96. (C. M.)

From the cxviii. *Psalm of David.*

O PRAISE the LORD, for he is good,
His mercies ne'er decay;
That his kind favours ever last,
Let thankful Israel say.

2 Their sense of his eternal love
Let Aaron's house express;
And that it never fails, let all
That fear the LORD confess.

3 Far better 'tis to trust in GOD,
And have the LORD our friend,
Than on the greatest human pow'r
For safety to depend.

4 The LORD has been my help; the praise
To him alone belongs;
He is my Saviour and my strength,
He only claims my songs.

5 Joy fills the dwelling of the just,
Whom GOD has sav'd from harm;
For wond'rous things are brought to pass
By his almighty arm.

6 He, by his own resistless pow'r,
Has endless honour won;
The saving strength of his right hand
Amazing works has done.

7 GOD will not suffer me to fall,
But still prolongs my days;
That, by declaring all his works,
I may advance his praise.

8 When GOD had sorely me chastis'd,
'Till quite of hopes bereav'd,
His mercy from the gates of death
My fainting life repriev'd.

9 Then open wide the temple gates
To which the just repair,
That I may enter in, and praise
My great deliv'rer there.

10 Within those gates of GOD's abode
To which the righteous press,
Since thou hast heard, and set me safe,
Thy holy Name I'll bless.

11 That which the builders once refus'd
Is now the corner-stone:
This is the wondrous work of GOD,
The work of GOD alone.

12 This day is GOD's; let all the land
Exalt their cheerful voice:
"Lord, we beseech thee, save us now
And make us still rejoice."

13 Him that approaches in GOD's name
Let all th' assembly bless;—
"We that belong to GOD's own house
Have wish'd you good success."

14 GOD is the LORD, through whom we all
Both light and comfort find:
Fast to the altar's horns with cords
The chosen victim bind.

15 Thou art my LORD, O GOD, and still
I'll praise thy holy Name;
Because thou only art my GOD,
I'll celebrate thy fame.

16 O then with me give thanks to GOD,
Who still does gracious prove;
And let the tribute of our praise
Be endless as his love.

PSALM 97.

From the CXIX. *Psalm of David.*

PART I. ALEPH. (C. M.)

HOW bless'd are they who always keep
The pure and perfect way;
Who never from the sacred paths
Of GOD's commandments stray!

2 How bless'd, who to his righteous laws
Have still obedient been;
And have, with fervent humble zeal,
His favour sought to win!

3 Such men their utmost caution use
To shun each wicked deed;
But in the path which he directs
With constant care proceed.

4 Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, LORD,
To learn thy sacred will;
And all our diligence employ
Thy statutes to fulfil.

5 O then that thy most holy will
Might o'er my ways preside;
And I the course of all my life
By thy direction guide!

6 Then with assurance should I walk,
From all confusion free;
Convinc'd, with joy, that all my ways
With thy commands agree.

7 My upright heart shall my glad mouth
With cheerful praises fill,
When, by thy righteous judgments taught,
I shall have learn'd thy will.

8 So to thy sacred laws shall I
Entire observance pay:
O then forsake me not, my GOD,
Nor cast me quite away.

PART II. BETH. (C. M.)

1 How shall the young preserve their ways
From all pollution free?
By making still their course of life
With thy commands agree.

2 With hearty zeal for thee I seek,
To thee for succour pray;
O suffer not my careless steps
From thy right paths to stray.

3 Safe in my heart, and closely hid,
Thy word, my treasure, lies,
To succour me with timely aid
When sinful thoughts arise.

4 Secur'd by that, my grateful soul
Shall ever bless thy Name;
O teach me then by thy just laws
My future life to frame.

5 My lips, unlock'd by pious zeal
To others have declar'd
How well the judgments of thy mouth
Deserve our best regard.

6 Whilst in the way of thy commands,
More solid joy I found,
Than had I been with vast increase
Of envied riches crown'd.

7 Therefore thy just and upright laws
Shall always fill my mind;

And those sound rules which thou prescrib'st
Entire respect shall find.

8 To keep thy statutes undefac'd
Shall be my constant joy;
The strict remembrance of thy word
Shall all my thoughts employ.

PART III. GIMEL. (C. M.)

1 Be gracious to thy servant, Lord;
Do thou my life defend,
That I according to thy word
My time to come may spend.

2 Enlighten both my eyes and mind,
That so I may discern
The wond'rous things which they be-hold;
Who thy just precepts learn.

3 My fainting soul is almost pin'd,
With earnest longing spent,
While always on the eager search
Of thy just will intent.

4 Thy sharp rebuke shall crush the proud,
Whom still thy curse pursues;
Since they to walk in thy right ways
Presumptuously refuse.

5 But far from me do thou, O Lord,
Contempt and shame remove;
For I thy sacred law affect
With undissembled love.

6 For thy commands have always been
My comfort and delight;
By them I learn with prudent care
To guide my steps aright

PART IV. DALETH. (C. M.)

1 My soul, oppress'd with deadly care,
Close to the dust doth cleave;
Revive me, Lord, and let me now
Thy promis'd aid receive.

2 To thee I still declar'd my ways,
And thou inclin'dst thine ear;
O teach me then my future life
By thy just laws to steer.

3 If thou wilt make me know thy laws,
And by their guidance walk,
The wondrous works which thou hast done
Shall be my constant talk.

4 But see, my soul within me sinks,
Press'd down with weighty care;
Do thou, according to thy word,
My wasted strength repair.

5 Far, far from me be all false ways
And lying arts remov'd;
But kindly grant I still may keep
The path by thee approv'd

6 Thy faithful ways, thou God of truth
My happy choice I've made;
Thy judgments, as my rule of life,
Before me always laid.

7 My care has been to make my life
With thy commands agree;
O then preserve thy servant, Lord,
From shame and ruin free.

8 So in the way of thy commands
Shall I with pleasure run;
And, with a heart enlarg'd with joy,
Successfully go on.

PART V. HE. (C. M.)

1 Instruct me in thy statutes, Lord,
Thy righteous paths display;
And I from them, through all my life,
Will never go astray.

2 If thou true wisdom from above
Wilt graciously impart,
To keep thy perfect laws I will
Devote my zealous heart.

3 Direct me in the sacred ways
To which thy precepts lead;
Because my chief delight has been
Thy righteous paths to tread.

4 Do thou to thy most just commands
Incline my willing heart;
Let no desire of worldly wealth
From thee my thoughts divert.

5 From those vain objects turn mine eyes,
Which this false world displays;
But give me lively pow'r and strength
To keep thy righteous ways.

6 Confirm the promise of thy word,
And give thy servant aid,
Who to transgress thy sacred laws
Is awfully afraid.

7 The censure and reproach I fear
In mercy, Lord, remove;
For all the judgments thou ordain'st
Are full of grace and love.

8 Thou know'st how after thy commands
My longing heart does pant;
O then make haste to raise me up,
And promis'd succour grant.

PART VI. VAU. (C. M.)

1 Thy constant blessing, Lord, bestow,
To cheer my drooping heart;
To me, according to thy word,
Thy saving health impart.

2 So shall I, whosoe'er upbraids,
This ready answer make;
"In God I trust, who never will
His faithful promise break."

3 Then let not quite the word of truth
Be from my mouth remov'd;
Since still my ground of steadfast hope
Thy judgments, LORD, have prov'd.

4 So I to keep thy righteous laws
Will all my study bend;
And constantly my time to come
In their observance spend.

5 My soul shall gladly walk at large,
From all oppression free,
Since I resolve to make my life
With thy commands agree.

6 My longing heart and ravish'd soul
Shall both o'erflow with joy,
When in thy lov'd commandments I
My happy hours employ.

7 Then will I to thy holy laws
Lift up my willing hands;
My care and business then shall be
To study thy commands.

PART VII. ZAIN. (C. M.)

1 ACCORDING to thy promis'd grace,
Thy favour, LORD, extend;
Make good to me the word on which
Thy servant's hopes depend.

2 That only comfort in distress
Did all my griefs control; [round,
Thy word, when troubles hemm'd me
Reviv'd my fainting soul.

3 Thy judgments then of ancient date
I quickly call'd to mind,
Till, ravish'd with such thoughts, my soul
Did speedy comfort find.

4 Thy name, that cheer'd my heart by day,
Has fill'd my thoughts by night:
I then resolv'd by thy just laws
To guide my steps aright.

5 That peace of mind, which has my soul
In deep distress sustain'd,
By strict obedience to thy will
I happily obtain'd.

PART VIII. CHETH. (C. M.)

1 O LORD, my GOD, my portion thou
And sure possession art;
Thy words I steadfastly resolve
To treasure in my heart.

2 With all the strength of warm desire
I did thy grace implore;—
Disclose, according to thy word,
Thy mercy's boundless store.

3 With deep reflection and strict care
On all my ways I thought;
And so, reclaim'd to thy just paths,
My wand'ring steps I brought.

4 Prolonging not the time, my soul
Resolv'd without delay
To watch, that I might never more
From thy commandments stray.

5 To such as fear thy holy Name
Myself I closely join;
To all who their obedient wills
To thy commands resign.

6 O'er all the earth thy mercy, LORD
Abundantly is shed;
O grant that I may truly learn
Thy sacred paths to tread.

PART IX. TETH. (C. M.)

1 WITH me, thy servant, thou hast [dealt
Most graciously, O LORD;
Repeated benefits bestow'd,
According to thy word.

2 Teach me the sacred skill by which
Right judgment is attain'd,
Who in belief of thy commands
Have steadfastly remain'd.

3 Before affliction stopp'd my course,
My footsteps went astray;
But I have since been disciplin'd
Thy precepts to obey.

4 Thou art, O LORD, supremely good,
And all thou dost is so;
On me, thy statutes to discern,
Thy saving skill bestow.

5 'Tis good for me that I have felt
Affliction's chast'ning rod,
That I may duly learn and keep
The statutes of my GOD.

6 The law that from thy mouth proceeds
Of more esteem I hold
Than richest mines, than thousand mines
Of silver and of gold.

PART X. JOD. (C. M.)

1 To me, who am the workmanship
Of thy almighty hands,
The heav'nly understanding give
To learn thy just commands.

2 My preservation to thy saints
Strong comfort will afford,
To see success attend my hopes,
Who trusted in thy word.

3 That right thy judgments are, I now
By sure experience see;
And that in faithfulness, O LORD,
Thou hast afflicted me.

4 O let thy tender mercy now
Afford me needful aid;
According to thy promise, LORD,
To me, thy servant made.

5 To me thy saving grace restore,
That I again may live;
Whose soul can relish no delight
But what thy precepts give.

6 In thy blest statutes let my heart
Continue always sound;
That guilt and shame, the sinner's lot,
May never me confound.

PART XI. CAPH. (C. M.)

1 My soul with long expectance faints
To see thy saving grace;
Yet still on thy unerring word
My confidence I place.

2 My very eyes consume and fail
With waiting for thy word;
O when wilt thou thy kind relief
And promis'd aid afford?

3 Thy wonted kindness, LORD, restore,
My drooping heart to cheer;
That by thy righteous statutes I
My life's whole course may steer.

PART XII. LAMED. (C. M.)

1 For ever and for ever, LORD,
Unchang'd thou dost remain;
Thy word, establish'd in the heav'ns,
Does all their orbs sustain.

2 Through circling ages, LORD, thy truth
Immoveable shall stand,
As doth the earth, which thou uphold'st
By thine almighty hand.

3 All things the course by thee ordain'd
E'en to this day fulfil:
They are thy faithful subjects all,
And servants of thy will.

4 Unless thy sacred law had been
My comfort and delight,
I must have fainted and expir'd
In dark affliction's night.

5 Thy precepts therefore from my thoughts
Shall never, LORD, depart;
For thou by them hast to new life
Restor'd my dying heart.

6 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
But thy commandments, like thyself,
No change or period know.

PART XIII. MEM. (C. M.)

1 The love that to thy laws I bear
No language can display;
They with fresh wonders entertain
My raptur'd thoughts all day.

2 My feet with care I have refrain'd
From ev'ry sinful way,
That to thy sacred word I might
Entire obedience pay.

3 I have not from thy judgments stray'd,
By vain desires misled;
For, LORD, thou hast insructed me
Thy righteous paths to tread.

4 How sweet are all thy words to me!
O what divine repast!
How much more grateful to my soul
Than honey to my taste!

5 Taught by thy sacred precepts, I
With heav'nly skill am blest;
Thro' which the treach'rous ways of sin
I utterly detest.

PART XIV. NUN. (C. M.)

1 Thy word is to my feet a lamp,
The way of truth to show:
A watch-light, to point out the path
In which I ought to go.

2 I've vow'd, and from my cov'nant,
Will never start aside,
That in thy righteous judgments I
Will steadfastly abide.

3 Let still my sacrifice of praise
With thee acceptance find;
And in thy righteous judgments, LORD,
Instruct my willing mind

4 Thy testimonies I have made
My heritage and choice;
For they, when other comforts fail,
My drooping heart rejoice.

5 My heart with early zeal began
Thy statutes to obey,
And, till my course of life is done,
Shall keep thine upright way.

PART XV. SAMECH. (C. M.)

1 Deceitful thoughts and practices
I utterly detest;
But to thy law affection bear
Too great to be express'd.

2 My hiding place, my refuge-tow'r,
And shield art thou, O LORD;
I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thy unerring word.

3 Away from me, ye wicked men,
Approach not my abode;
For firmly I resolve to keep
The precepts of my GOD.

4 According to thy gracious word,
From danger set me free;
Nor make me of those hopes asham'd
That I repose on thee.

PART XVI. AIN. (C. M.)

1 Mine eyes, alas! begin to fail,
In long expectance held;
Till thy salvation they behold
And righteous word fulfill'd.

2 To me, thy servant in distress,
Thy wonted grace display,
And discipline my willing heart
Thy statutes to obey.

3 On me, devoted to thy fear,
Thy sacred skill bestow,
That of thy testimonies I
The full extent may know.

4 Thy laws and precepts I account
In all respects divine;
They teach me to discern the right,
And all false ways decline.

PART XVII. PE. (C. M.)

1 The wonders which thy laws contain
No words can represent;
Therefore to learn and practice them
My zealous heart is bent.

2 The very entrance to thy word
Celestial light displays,
And knowledge of true happiness
To simplest minds conveys.

3 With eager hopes I waiting stood,
And fainting with desire,
That of thy wise commands I might
The sacred skill acquire.

4 With favour, Lord, look down on me,
Who thy relief implore;
As thou art wont to visit those
Who thy blest Name adore.

5 Directed by thy heav'nly word
Let all my footsteps be;
Nor wickedness of any kind
Dominion have o'er me.

6 On me, devoted to thy fear,
Lord, make thy face to shine:
Thy statutes both to know and keep
My heart with zeal incline.

PART XVIII. TSADDI. (C. M.)

1 Thou art the righteous Judge, in whom
Wrong'd innocence may trust;
And, like thyself, thy judgments, Lord,
In all respects are just.

2 Most just and true those statutes were
Which thou didst first decree;
And all with faithfulness perform'd
Succeeding times shall see.

3 Lord! each neglected word of thine,
Howe'er by men despis'd,
Is pure, and for eternal truth
By me, thy servant, priz'd.

4 Thy righteousness shall then endure
When time itself is past;
Thy law is truth itself, that truth
Which shall for ever last.

5 Though trouble, anguish, doubts, and dread,
To compass me unite;
Beset with danger, still I make
Thy precepts my delight.

6 Eternal and unerring rules
Thy testimonies give:
Teach me the wisdom that will make
My soul for ever live.

PART XIX. KOPH. (C. M.)

1 With my whole heart to God I call'd—
Lord, hear my earnest cry;
And I thy statutes to perform
Will all my care apply.

2 Again more fervently I pray'd—
O save me, that I may
Thy testimonies fully know,
And steadfastly obey.

3 My earlier pray'r the dawning day
Prevented, while I cried
To him upon whose faithful word
My hope alone relied.

4 Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And wonted favour show;
O quicken me, and so approve
Thy judgments ever true.

5 Concerning thy divine commands
My soul has known, of old
That they were true, and shall their truth
To endless ages hold,

PART XX. RESCH. (C. M.)

1 Consider my affliction, Lord,
And me from bondage draw;
Think on thy servant in distress,
Who ne'er forgets thy law.

2 Defend my cause, and me to save
Thy timely aid afford;
With beams of mercy quicken me,
According to thy word.

3 From harden'd sinners thou remov'st them
Salvation far away;
'Tis just thou should'st withdraw from them
Who from thy statutes stray.

4 Since great thy tender mercies are
To all who thee adore;
According to thy judgments, Lord,
My fainting hopes restore.

5 Consider, O my gracious God,
How I thy precepts love;
O therefore quicken me with beams
Of mercy from above.

6 As from the birth of time thy truth
Has held through ages past,
So shall thy righteous judgments firm
To endless ages last.

PART XXI. SCHIN. (C. M.)

1 THY sacred word my joyful breast
With heav'nly rapture warms;
Nor conquest, nor the spoils of war,
Have such transporting charms.

2 Perfidious practices and lies
I utterly detest;
But to thy laws affection bear
Too vast to be express'd.

3 Seven times a day, with grateful voice,
Thy praises I resound,
Because I find thy judgments all
With truth and justice crown'd.

4 Secure, substantial peace have they
Who truly love thy law;
No smiling mischief them can tempt,
Nor frowning danger awe.

5 For thy salvation I have hop'd,
And, though so long delay'd,
With cheerful zeal and anxious care
All thy commands obey'd.

6 Thy testimonies I have kept,
And constantly obey'd;
Because the love I bore to them
Thy service easy made.

7 From strict observance of thy laws
I never yet withdrew;
Convinc'd that my most secret ways
Are open to thy view.

PART XXII. TAU. (C. M.)

1 To my request and earnest cry
Attend, O gracious LORD;
Inspire my heart with heavenly skill,
According to thy word.

2 Let my repeated prayer at last
Before thy throne appear;
According to thy plighted word,
For my relief draw near.

3 Then shall my grateful lips return
The tribute of their praise,
When thou thy counsels hast reveal'd
And taught me thy just ways.

4 My tongue the praises of thy word
Shall thankfully resound;
For thy commands are right, thy laws
With truth and justice crown'd.

5 Let thy almighty arm appear,
And bring me timely aid;
For I the laws thou hast ordain'd
My heart's free choice have made.

6 My soul has waited long to see
Thy saving grace restor'd;
Nor comfort knew, but what thy laws,
Thy heav'nly laws afford.

7 Prolong my life, that I may sing
My great Restorer's praise;
Whose justice, from the depths of wo
My fainting soul shall raise.

8 Though like a sheep that 's lost I 've stray'd,
And from thy ways declin'd,
Do thou, O LORD, thy servant seek,
Who keeps thy laws in mind.

PSALM 98. (C M.)

From the cxxi. *Psalm of David.*

TO Sion's hill I lift my eyes,
From thence expecting aid;
From Sion's hill and Sion's GOD,
Who heav'n and earth has made.

2 He will not let thy foot be mov'd,
Thy guardian will not sleep;
Behold, the GOD who slumbers not
Will favour'd Israel keep.

3 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings,
Thou shalt securely rest, [thee
Where neither sun nor moon shall
By day or night molest.

4 From common accidents of life
The Lord shall guard thee still;
'Tis even he that shall preserve
Thy soul from every ill.

5 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy GOD shall thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage,
Safe to thy journey's end.

PSALM 99. (C. M.)

From the cxxii. *Psalm of David.*

O 'TWAS a joyful sound, to hear
Our tribes devoutly say,
Up, Israel, to the temple haste,
And keep your festal day!

2 At Salem's courts we must appear,
With our assembled pow'rs,
In strong and beauteous order rang'd
Like her united tow'rs.

3 'Tis thither, by divine command,
The tribes of GOD repair,
Before his ark to celebrate
His Name with praise and prayer.

4 O, ever pray for Salem's peace;
For they shall prosperous be,
Thou holy city of our GOD,
Who bear true love to thee.

5 May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found;
With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crown'd.

For my dear brethren's sake, and friends
No less than brethren dear,
I'll pray—May peace in Salem's tow'rs
A constant guest appear.

7 But most of all I'll seek thy good,
And ever wish thee well,
For Sion and the temple's sake,
Where GOD vouchsafes to dwell.

PSALM 100. (C. M.)

From the cxxiv. *Psalm of David.*

HAD not the LORD, may Israel say,
On Israel's side engag'd,
The foe had quickly swallow'd us,
So furiously he rag'd.

2 Had not the LORD himself vouchsaf'd
To check his fierce control,
The adversary's dreary flood
Had overwhelm'd our soul.

3 But prais'd be our eternal LORD,
Who left us not his prey;
The snare is broke, his rage disarm'd,
And we again are free.

4 Secure in GOD's almighty Name
Our confidence remains; [earth
The GOD who made both heav'n and
Of both sole monarch reigns.

PSALM 101. (C. M.)

From the cxxv. *Psalm of David.*

WHO place on Sion's God their trust
Like Sion's rock shall stand;
Like her immoveably be fix'd
By his almighty hand.

2 Look how the hills on ev'ry side
Jerusalem enclose;
So stands the LORD around his saints,
To guard them from their foes.

3 Be good, O righteous GOD, to those
Who righteous deeds affect;
The heart that innocence retains
Let innocence protect.

4 All those who walk in crooked paths,
The LORD shall soon destroy;
Cut off th' unjust, but crown the saints
With lasting peace and joy.

PSALM 102. (C. M.)

From the cxxvii. *Psalm of David.*

WE build with fruitless cost, unless
The LORD the pile sustain;
Unless the LORD the city keep,
The watchman wakes in vain.

2 In vain we rise before the day,
And late to rest repair,
Allow no respite to our toil,
And eat the bread of care:

3 Supplies of life, with ease to them,
He on his saints bestows;
He crowns their labours with success,
Their nights with safe repose.

PSALM 103. (C. M.)

From the cxxviii. *Psalm of David.*

THE man is blest that fears the LORD,
Nor only worship pays,
But keeps his steps confin'd with care
To his appointed ways.

2 He shall upon the sweet returns
Of his own labour feed;
Without dependence live, and see
His wishes all succeed.

3 Who fears the LORD shall prosper thus;
Him Sion's GOD shall bless,
And grant him all his days to see
Jerusalem's success.

PSALM 104. (S. M.)

From the cxxx. *Psalm of David.*

FROM lowest depths of wo
To GOD I sent my cry;
LORD, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.

2 Should'st thou severely judge,
Who can the trial bear?
But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
And quite renounce thy fear.

3 My soul with patience waits
For thee, the living LORD;
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.

4 My longing eyes look out
For thy enliv'ning ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.

5 Let Israel trust in GOD,
No bounds his mercy knows;
The plenteous source and spring from whence
Eternal succour flows:

6 Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse
And wash our guilt away.

PSALM 105. (III. 1.)

From the cxxxi. *Psalm of David.*

LORD, for ever at thy side
Let my place and portion be:
Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.

2 Meekly may my soul receive
All thy Spirit hath reveal'd;
Thou hast spoken—I believe,
Though the oracle be seal'd.

3 Humble as a little child,
Weaned from the mother's breast,
By no subtilties beguil'd,
On thy faithful word I rest.

4 Israel! now and evermore
In the LORD JEHOVAH trust;
Him, in all his ways, adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

PSALM 106. (C. M.)

From the CXXXII. *Psalm of David.*

O, WITH due rev'rence, let us all
To GOD's abode repair;
And, prostrate at his footstool fall'n,
Pour out our humble pray'r.

2 Arise, O LORD, and now possess
Thy constant place of rest;
Be that, not only with thy ark,
But with thy presence bless'd.

3 Clothe thou thy priests with righteousness,
Make thou thy saints rejoice;
And, for thy servant David's sake,
Hear thy Anointed's voice.

4 Fair Sion does, in GOD's esteem,
All other seats excel;
His place of everlasting rest,
Where he desires to dwell.

5 Her store th' Almighty will increase,
Her poor with plenty bless;
Her saints shall shout for joy, her priests
His saving health confess.

PSALM 107. (C. M.)

From the CXXXIII. *Psalm of David.*

HOW vast must their advantage be,
How great their pleasure prove,
Who live like brethren, and consent
In offices of love!

2 True love is like the precious oil,
Which, pour'd on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
Its costly fragrance shed.

3 'Tis like refreshing dew, which does
On Hermon's top distil;
Or like the early drops, that fall
On Sion's favour'd hill.

4 For Sion is the chosen seat
Where the almighty King
The promis'd blessing has ordain'd,
And life's eternal spring.

PSALM 108. (C. M.)

From the CXXXIV. *Psalm of David.*

BLESS GOD, ye servants, that attend
Upon his solemn state,
That in his temple's hallow'd courts
With humble rev'rence wait.

2 Within his house lift up your hands
And bless his holy Name:
From Sion bless thy Israel, LORD,
Who earth and heav'n didst frame.

PSALM 109. (C. M.)

From the CXXXV. *Psalm of David.*

O PRAISE the LORD with one consent,
And magnify his Name;
Let all the servants of the LORD
His worthy praise proclaim.

2 Praise him all ye that in his house
Attend with constant care;
With those that to his outmost courts
With humble zeal repair.

3 For GOD his own peculiar choice
The sons of Jacob makes;
And Israel's offspring for his own
Most valued treasure takes.

4 That GOD is great, we often have
By glad experience found: [pow'r,
And seen how he, with wondrous
Above all gods is crown'd.

5 For he, with unresisted strength,
Performs his sov'reign will,
In heav'n and earth, and wat'ry stores
That earth's deep caverns fill.

6 Their just returns of thanks to GOD
Let grateful Israel pay;
Nor let anointed Aaron's race
To bless the LORD delay.

7 Their sense of his unbounded love
Let Levi's house express;
And let all those who fear the LORD,
His Name for ever bless.

8 Let all with thanks his wondrous works
In Sion's courts proclaim;
Let them in Salem, where he dwells,
Exalt his holy Name.

PSALM 110. (II. 4.)

From the CXXXVI. *Psalm of David.*

TO GOD, the mighty LORD,
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great:
For GOD does prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

2 To him, whose wondrous pow'r
All other gods obey,
Whom earthly kings adore,
Your grateful homage pay:
For GOD &c.

3 By his almighty hand
Amazing works are wrought;
The heav'ns by his command
Were to perfection brought:
For God &c.

4 He spread the ocean round
About the spacious land;
And bade the rising ground
Above the waters stand:
For God &c.

5 By him the heav'ns display
Their num'rous hosts of light,
The sun to rule by day,
The moon and stars, by night:
For God &c.

6 He, in our depth of woes,
On us with favour thought;
And from our cruel foes
In peace and safety brought:
For God &c.

7 He does the food supply
On which all creatures live:
To God, who reigns on high,
Eternal praises give:
For God will prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

PSALM 111. (L. M.)

From the cxxxvii. *Psalm of David.*

WHEN we, our weary limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts oppress'd,
And Sion was our mournful theme.

2 Our harps, that, when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung
On willow trees that wither'd there.

3 O Salem, our once happy seat,
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The speaking strings with art to move!

4 If I to mention thee forbear,
Perpetual silence be my doom;
Or if my chiefest joy compare
With thee, Jerusalem, my home!

PSALM 112. (C. M.)

From the cxxxviii. *Psalm of David.*

WITH my whole heart, my God and King,
Thy praise I will proclaim;
Before the mighty I will sing,
And bless thy holy Name.

2 I'll worship at thy sacred seat,
And, with thy love inspir'd,
The praises of thy truth repeat,
O'er all thy works admir'd.

3 Thou graciously inclin'dst thine ear,
When I to thee did cry;
And, when my soul was press'd with fear,
Didst inward strength supply.

4 For God, although enthron'd on high,
Does thence the poor respect;
The proud, far off, his scornful eye
Beholds with just neglect.

5 Though I with troubles am oppress'd,
He shall my foes disarm,
Relieve my soul when most distress'd,
And keep me safe from harm.

6 The Lord, whose mercies ever last,
Shall fix my happy state;
And, mindful of his favours past,
Shall his own work complete.

PSALM 113. (L. M.)

From the cxxxix. *Psalm of David.*

THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.

2 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways:
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd words' intent.

3 Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand,
On every side I find thy hand:
O skill for human reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!

4 From thy all-seeing Spirit, Lord,
What hiding-place does earth afford?
O where can I thy influence shun,
Or whither from thy presence run?

5 If up to heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st, enthron'd in light;
If to the world unseen, my God,
There also hast thou thine abode.

6 If I the morning's wings could gain,
And fly beyond the western main;
E'en there, in earth's remotest land,
I still should find thy guiding hand.

7 Or, should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the sable wings of night,
One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

8 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;
Through midnight shades thou find'st thy way,
As in the blazing noon of day.

9 Thou know'st the texture of my heart,
My reins and every vital part:
I'll praise thee, from whose hands I came
A work of such a wondrous frame.

10 Let me acknowledge too, O GOD,
That since this maze of life I trod,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The pow'r of numbers to recount.

11 Far sooner could I reckon o'er
The sands upon the ocean's shore;
Each morn, revising what I've done,
I find th' account but new begun.

12 Search, try, O GOD, my thoughts and heart,
If mischief lurk in any part;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

PSALM 114. (C. M.)

From the cxli. *Psalm of David.*

LORD, in thy sight, O let my pray'r
Like morning incense rise;
My lifted hands accepted be
As evening sacrifice.

2 From hasty language curb my tongue,
And let a constant guard
Still keep the portal of my lips
With wary silence barr'd.

3 From wicked men's designs and deeds
My heart and hands restrain;
Nor let me share their evil works,
Or their unrighteous gain.

4 Let upright men reprove my faults,
And I shall think them kind;
Like healing oil upon my head
I their reproof shall find.

PSALM 115. (C. M.)

From the cxliii. *Psalm of David.*

LORD, hear my pray'r, and to my cry
Thy wonted audience lend;
In thy accustom'd faith and truth
A gracious answer send.

2 Nor at thy strict tribunal bring
Thy servant to be tried;
For in thy sight no living man
Can e'er be justified

3 To thee my hands in humble prayer
I fervently stretch out;
My soul for thy refreshment thirsts,
Like land oppress'd with drought.

4 Hear me with speed, my spirit fails;
Thy face no longer hide,
Lest I become forlorn, like them
That in the grave reside.

5 Thy kindness early let me hear,
Whose trust on thee depends;
Teach me the way where I should go,
My soul to thee ascends.

6 Do thou, O LORD, from all my foes
Preserve and set me free;
A safe retreat, a hiding place,
My soul implores from thee.

7 Thou art my GOD, thy righteous will
Instruct me to obey;
Let thy good Spirit lead and keep
My soul in thy right way.

8 O, for the sake of thy great Name,
Revive my drooping heart;
For thy truth's sake, to me distress'd
Thy saving help impart.

PSALM 116. (L. M.)

From the cxliv. *Psalm of David.*

LORD, what 's in man, that thou should'st love
Of him such tender care to take?
What in his offspring could thee move
Such great account of him to make?

2 The life of man does quickly fade,
His thoughts but empty are and vain,
His days are like a flying shade,
Of whose short stay on signs remain.

3 To thee, almighty King of kings,
In new-made hymns my voice I'll raise;
And instruments of many strings
Shall help me to adore and praise.

PSALM 117.

From the cxlv. *Psalm of David.*

PART I. (C. M.)

THEE I will bless, my GOD and King,
Thy endless praise proclaim;
This tribute daily I will bring,
And ever bless thy Name.

2 Thou, LORD, beyond compare art great,
And highly to be prais'd;
Thy majesty, with boundless height,
Above our knowledge rais'd.

3 Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame
To future time extends;
From age to age thy glorious Name
Successively descends.

4 Whilst I thy glory, and renown,
And wondrous works express,
The world with me thy might shall own,
And thy great pow'r confess.

5 The praise that to thy love belongs
They shall with joy proclaim;
Thy truth of all their grateful songs
Shall be the constant theme.

6 The LORD is good; fresh acts of grace
His pity still supplies;
His anger moves with slowest pace,
His willing mercy flies.

7 Thy love through earth extends its fame,
To all thy works express'd;
These show thy praise, whilst thy great Name
Is by thy servants bless'd.

8 They, with a glorious prospect fir'd,
Shall of thy kingdom speak;
And thy great pow'r, by all admir'd,
Their lofty subject make.

9 GOD's mighty works of ancient date
Shall thus to all be known;
And thus his kingdom's glorious state
In all its splendour shown.

10 His steadfast throne, from changes free,
Shall stand for ever fast;
His boundless sway no end shall see,
But time itself outlast.

PART II. (C. M.)

1 THE LORD does them support that fall,
And makes the prostrate rise;
For his kind aid all creatures call,
Who timely food supplies.

2 Whate'er their various wants require
With open hand he gives;
And so fulfils the just desire
Of every thing that lives.

3 How holy is the LORD, how just,
How righteous all his ways!
How nigh to him, who with firm trust
For his assistance prays!

4 He grants the full desires of those
Who him with fear adore;
And will their troubles soon compose,
When they his aid implore.

5 The LORD preserves all those with care
Whom grateful love employs;
But sinners, who his vengeance dare,
In justice he destroys.

6 My time to come, in praises spent,
Shall still advance his fame;
And all mankind, with one consent,
For ever bless his Name.

PSALM 118. (III. 3.)

From the CXLV. *Psalm of David.*

GOD, my King, thy might confessing,
Ever will I bless thy Name;
Day by day thy throne addressing,
Still will I thy praise proclaim.

2 Honour great our GOD befitteth;
Who his majesty can reach?
Age to age his works transmitteth,
Age to age his pow'r shall teach.

3 They shall talk of all thy glory,
On thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of thy dread acts the story
And thy deeds of wonder tell.

4 Nor shall fail from mem'ry's treasure
Works by love and mercy wrought;
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

5 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
GOD is good to all creation;
All his works his goodness prove.

6 All thy works, O LORD, shall bless thee,
Thee shall all thy saints adore;
King supreme shall they confess thee,
And proclaim thy sov'reign pow'r.

7 They thy might, all might excelling,
Shall to all mankind make known;
And the brightness of thy dwelling;
And the glories of thy throne.

8 Ever, GOD of endless praises,
Shall thy royal might remain;
Evermore thy brightness blazes,
Ever lasts thy righteous reign.

9 Them that fall the LORD protecteth.
He sustains the bow'd and bent;
Every eye from thee expecteth,
Fix'd on thee, its nourishment.

10 Thou to all, great GOD of nature,
Giv'st in season due their food;
Spread'st thy hand, and every creature
Satisfiest still with good.

11 GOD is just in all he doeth,
Kind is he in all his ways;
He his ready presence showeth,
When a faithful servant prays.

12 Who sincerely seek and fear him,
He to them their wish will give;
When they call, the LORD will hear them,
He will hear them, and relieve.

13 From JEHOVAH all who prize him
Shall his saving health enjoy;
All the wicked, who despise him,
He will in their sin destroy.

14 Still, JEHOVAH, thee confessing,
Shall my tongue thy praise proclaim;
And may all mankind with blessing
Ever hail thy holy Name.

PSALM 119. (C. M.)

From the cxlvi. *Psalm of David.*

O PRAISE the LORD, and thou, my soul,
For ever bless his Name:
His wondrous love, while life shall last,
My constant praise shall claim.

2 On princes, on the sons of men,
Let none for aid rely;
They cannot help, they turn to dust,
And all their counsels die.

3 Then happy he, who Jacob's GOD
For his protector takes; [LORD
Who still, with well-plac'd hope, the
His constant refuge makes.

4 The LORD, who made both heav'n and earth,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit his steadfast truth,
Nor make his promise vain.

5 The poor, oppress'd, from all their wrongs
Are eas'd by his decree;
He gives the hungry needful food,
And sets the prisoners free.

6 By him the blind receive their sight,
The weak and fall'n he rears;
With kind regard and tender love
He for the righteous cares.

7 The strangers he preserves from harm,
The orphan kindly treats;
Defends the widow, and the wiles
Of wicked men defeats.

8 The GOD that does in Sion dwell
Is our eternal King:
From age to age his reign endures;
Let all his praises sing.

PSALM 120. (II. 2.)

From the cxlvi. *Psalm of David.*

I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Why should I place in man my trust?
Ev'n princes die and turn to dust,
Vain is the help of flesh and blood;
Their breath departs, their pomp, and pow'r,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour.
Nor can they make their promise good.

3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's GOD: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor;
His truth for ever stands secure,
And none shall find his promise vain.

4 The LORD gives eye-sight to the blind,
The LORD supports the sinking mind,
He sends the righteous strength and peace,
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow, and the fatherless,
And to the prisoner grants release.

5 GOD shall the wicked overturn,
On them his wrath shall ever burn,
Sinners shall perish in their ways;
Sion! the GOD thy sons adore,
He, he is king for evermore;
The LORD thy GOD for ever praise!

PSALM 121.

From the cxlvii. *Psalm of David.*

PART I. (C. M.)

O PRAISE the LORD with hymns of joy,
And celebrate his fame;
For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis
To praise his holy Name.

2 His holy city GOD will build,
Though levell'd with the ground
Bring back his people, though dispers'd
Through all the nations round.

3 He kindly heals the broken hearts,
And all their wounds does close;
He tells the number of the stars,
Their several names he knows.

4 Great is the LORD, and great his pow'r,
His wisdom has no bound;
The meek he raises, and throws down
The wicked to the ground.

To GOD the LORD, a hymn of praise
With grateful voices sing;
To songs of triumph tune the harp,
And strike each warbling string.

6 He covers heav'n with clouds, and
Refreshing rain bestows; [thence
And on the mountains, through his
The grass in plenty grows. [care,

7 His care the beasts that loosely range
With timely food supplies;
He feeds the ravens' tender brood,
And stops their hungry cries.

8 The LORD to him that fears his Name
His tender love extends;
To him that on his boundless grace
With steadfast hope depends.

9 Let Sion and Jerusalem
To GOD their praise address;
Whose strength secures their lasting
gates,
Who does their children bless.

PART II. (L. M.)

1 JEHOVAH speaks: swift from the
skies
To earth the sov'reign mandate flies;
The elements confess their LORD,
With prompt obedience to his word:

2 The thick descending flakes of snow
O'er earth a fleecy mantle throw;
And glittering frost o'er all the plains
Binds nature fast in icy chains.

3 He speaks: the ice and snow obey,
And nature's fetters melt away;
Softly the vernal breezes blow,
And murm'ring waters freely flow.

4 But nobler works his grace record:
To Israel he reveals his word;
To them, his chosen flock, alone,
He makes his sacred precepts known.

5 Such bliss no heathen nation shares,
His oracles are only theirs:
Let Israel then their voices raise,
And bless their GOD in songs of praise!

PSALM 122. (II. 4.)

From the cxlviii. *Psalm of David.*

YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame;
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame:
Your voices raise,
Ye Cherubim
And Seraphim,
To sing his praise.

2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day,
Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
To him your homage pay:
His praise declare,
Ye heav'ns above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

3 Let them adore the LORD,
And praise his holy Name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came;
And all shall last,
From changes free;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

4 Let earth her tribute pay:
Praise him ye dreadful whales,
And fish that through the sea
Glide swift with glitt'ring scales:
Fire, hail, and snow,
And misty air,
And winds that where
He bids them blow.

5 By hills and mountains, all
In grateful concert join'd;
By cedars stately tall,
And trees for fruit design'd
By every beast,
And creeping thing,
And fowl of wing,
His name be blest.

6 Let all of highest birth,
With those of humbler name,
And judges of the earth,
His matchless praise proclaim
In this design,
Let youths with maids,
And hoary heads
With children, join

7 United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious Name alone
Deserves our endless praise:
Earth's utmost ends
His pow'r obey;
His glorious sway
The sky transcends.

8 His chosen saints to grace,
He sets them up on high;
And favours Israel's race,
Who still to him are nigh:
O therefore raise
Your grateful voice,
And still rejoice
The LORD to praise!

PSALM 123. (IV 1.)

From the cxlix. *Psalm of David.*

O PRAISE ye the LORD,
Prepare your glad voice
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing:
In their great Creator
Let Israel rejoice;
And children of Sion
Be glad in their King.

2 Let them his great Name
Extol in their songs,
With hearts well attun'd
His praises express;
Who always takes pleasure
To hear their glad tongues,
And waits with salvation
The humble to bless.

3 With glory adorn'd,
His people shall sing
To GOD, who their heads
With safety doth shield;
Such honour and triumph
His favour shall bring:
O therefore, for ever
All praise to him yield!

PSALM 124. (L. M.)

From the cl. *Psalm of David.*

O PRAISE the LORD in that blest place
From whence his goodness largely flows;
Praise him in heav'n, where he his face,
Unveil'd, in perfect glory shows.

2 Praise him for all the mighty acts
Which he in our behalf has done;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

3 Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice
Make rocks and hills his praise rebound:
Praise him with harp's melodious noise,
And gentle psalt'ry's silver sound.

4 Let them who joyful hymns compose,
To cymbals set their songs of praise;
To well-tun'd cymbals, and to those
That loudly sound on solemn days.

5 Let all, that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford
In just returns of praise employ:
Let every creature praise the LORD!

THE END.

GLORIA PATRI.

N. B. The metre marks, affixed to the preceding psalms and hymns, have reference to a division of the metres, founded on the nature of the verse, into four classes, marked—I. II. III. IV.

Class I. includes common, long, and short metres, marked—C. M., L. M., S. M.

Class II. includes the other Iambic metres, eight in number, marked—II. 1, II. 2, II. 3, II. 4, &c. which may be named; *Two, one; Two, two; Two, three, &c.*

Class III. includes the Trochaic metres, being five in number, marked—III. 1, III. 2, III. 3, &c. which may be named; *Three, one; Three, two, &c.*

Class IV. includes the metres consisting chiefly of triplets, being five in number, marked—IV. 1, IV. 2, IV. 3, &c. and may be named; *Four, one; Four two, &c.*

CLASS I.

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

L. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heav'n adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

S. M.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As 't was, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

CLASS II.

II. 1.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heav'n's triumphant host
And saints on earth adore;
Be glory, as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time shall be no more.

II. 2.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heav'n's triumphant host
And suff'ring saints on earth adore;
Be glory, as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time itself shall be no more.

II. 3.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory in the highest giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n;
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

II. 4.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever bless'd,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address'd;
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore.

II. 5.

To God the Father, and to God the Son,
To God the Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be praise from all on earth and all in heav'n,
As was, and is, and ever shall be giv'n.

II. 6.

Eternal praise be given,
And songs of highest worth,
By all the hosts of heaven,
And all the saints on earth,
To God, supreme confessed,
To Christ, his only Son,
And to the Spirit blessed,
Eternal Three in One.

II. 7.

To Father, Son, and Spirit bless'd,
Supreme o'er earth and heaven,
Eternal Three in One confess'd,
Be highest glory given,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore,
By all in earth and heaven.

II. 8.

By all on earth and all in heav'n,
Be everlasting glory giv'n
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit; equal Three
In undivided Unity,
Ere time had yet its course begun:
As was, and is, be highest praise,
As still shall be through endless days

CLASS III.

III. 1.

Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One!
Glory, as of old, to thee,
Now, and evermore shall be!

III. 2.

Praise the name of God most high,
Praise him all below the sky,
Praise him all ye heav'nly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

III. 3.

Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

III. 4.

To the Father, thron'd in heaven,
To the Saviour, Christ, his Son,
To the Spirit, praise be given,
Everlasting Three in One:
As of old, the Trinity
Still is worshipp'd, still shall be.

III. 5.

Great Jehovah! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, join'd in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

CLASS IV.

IV. 1

By angels in heav'n
Of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address'd
To God in three persons,
One God ever bless'd;
As it has been, now is,
And ever shall be.

IV. 2.

All praise to the Father, the Son,
And Spirit, thrice holy and bless'd,
Th' eternal, supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall still be address'd.

IV. 3.

All praise to the Father, all praise to the Son,
All praise to the Spirit, thrice bless'd,
The holy, eternal, supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall still be address'd.

IV. 4.

O Father Almighty, to thee be address'd,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever bless'd,
All glory and worship from earth and from heav'n,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be giv'n.

IV. 5.

All glory and praise to the Father be given,
The Son, and the Spirit, from earth and from heaven;
As was, and is now, be supreme adoration,
As ever shall be, to the God of salvation.

For Hymns 145 *and* 185.

To the Father, to the Son,
And Spirit ever bless'd,
Everlasting Three in One,
All worship be address'd:
Praise from all above, below,
As throughout the ages past,
Now is given, and shall be so
While endless ages last.

When used to Hymn 185, *in line* 6, *read,*

As was throughout the ages past.

Come, let us adore him; come, bow at his feet;
O give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

Whenever the Hymns are used at the celebration of divine service, a certain portion or portions of the Psalms of David in metre shall also be sung.

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Protestant Episcopal Church in the U.S.

HYMNS,

SUITED TO THE

FEASTS AND FASTS OF THE CHURCH,

AND

OTHER OCCASIONS OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

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H. U. ONDERDONK,
JAS. MONTGOMERY. } *Sub-Committee.*

Phil'a. Feb. 23, 1833.

HYMNS.

I. THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

HYMN 1. (C. M.)

GREAT God! with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, pow'r, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

2 The stars, that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction giv'n;
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may soar to heav'n.

3 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

4 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies,
Here my desires are satisfied,
And here my hopes arise.

5 Lord, make me understand thy law,
Show what my faults have been;
And from thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

6 Here would I learn how Christ has died
To save my soul from hell;
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heav'nly wonders tell.

7 Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

HYMN 2. (C. M.)

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name ador'd,
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

6 Divine instructer, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

II. CREATION.

HYMN 3. (C. M.)

GREAT first of beings! mighty Lord
Of all this wondrous frame!
Produc'd by thy creating word,
The world from nothing came.

2 Thy voice sent forth the high command,
'Twas instantly obey'd;
And through thy goodness all things stand,
Which by thy pow'r were made.

3 Lord! for thy glory—shine the whole,
They all reflect thy light:
For this—in course the planets roll
And day succeeds the night.

4 For this—the sun disperses heat
And beams of cheering day;
And distant stars, in order set,
By night thy pow'r display.

5 For this—the earth its produce yields,
For this—the waters flow;
And blooming plants adorn the fields,
And trees aspiring grow.

6 Inspir'd with praise, our minds pursue
This wise and noble end—
That all we think, and all we do,
Shall to thine honour tend.

HYMN 4. (C. M.)

Genesis i.

LET heav'n arise, let earth appear,
Proclaim'd th' Eternal Lord:
The heav'n arose, the earth appear'd,
At his creating word.

2 But formless was the earth, and void,
Dark, sluggish, and confus'd;
Till o'er the mass the Spirit mov'd,
And quick'ning pow'r diffus'd.

3 Then spake the Lord Omnipotent
The mandate, "Be there light;"
Light darted forth in vivid rays,
And scatter'd ancient night.

4 The glorious firmament he spread,
To part the earth and sky;
And fix'd the upper elements
Within their spheres on high.

5 He bade the seas together flow,
They left the solid land;

And herbs, and plants, and fruitful trees,
Sprung forth at his command.

6 Above, he form'd the stars; and plac'd
Two greater orbs of light;
The radiant sun to rule the day,
The moon to rule the night.

7 To all the varied living tribes
He gave their wondrous birth;
Some form'd within the wat'ry deep,
Some, from the teeming earth.

8 Then, chief o'er all his works below,
Man, honour'd man, was made;
His soul with God's pure image stamp'd,
With innocence array'd.

9 Completed now the mighty work,
God his creation view'd:
And, pleas'd with all that he had made,
Pronounc'd it "very good."

HYMN 5. (II. 1.)

Psalm cxlviii.

Praise from Living Creatures.

BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name:
Let heav'n and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

2 Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound,
While all th' adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing;
Let ev'ry list'ning saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

3 Whate'er this living world contains,
That wings the air, or treads the plains,
United praise bestow;
Ye tenants of the ocean wide,
Proclaim him through the mighty tide,
And in the deeps below.

4 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heav'nly praise employ;
Spread HIS tremendous Name around,
While heav'n's broad arch rings back the sound,
The gen'ral burst of joy.

HYMN 6. (II. 1.)

Psalm cxlviii.

Praise from the Elements and Worlds.

YE fields of light, celestial plains,
Where pure, serene effulgence reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair,
Your Maker's wondrous pow'r proclaim,
Tell how he form'd your shining frame,
And breath'd the fluid air.

2 Join, all ye stars, the vocal choir;
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire
The mighty chorus aid;
And, soon as ev'ning veils the plain,
Thou moon, prolong the hallow'd strain,
And praise him in the shade.

3 Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode,
Proclaim the glories of thy God;
Ye worlds, declare his might;
He spake the word, and ye were made,
Darkness and dismal chaos fled,
And nature sprung to light.

4 Let every element rejoice;
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
To him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

HYMN 7. (L. M.)

Psalm xix.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And, nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;

4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

III. PROVIDENCE.

HYMN 8. (L. M.)

ETERNAL source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ
While in thy temple we appear,
To hail thee sov'reign of the year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole.
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flow'ry spring, at thy command,
Perfumes the air, and paints the land,
The summer rays with vigour shine
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Thro' all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;

And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and ev'ning shade.

6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar
Where days and years revolve no more.

HYMN 9. (II. 3.)

Psalm xxiii.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

HYMN 10. (C. M.)

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise!

2 O how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
But thou canst read it there.

3 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

4 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
E'er yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

5 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

6 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

7 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

8 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

11 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

12 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

13 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh! eternity 's too short
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN 11. (III. 1.)

Psalm xxxi. 15.

"*My times are in thy hand.*"

SOV'REIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All our times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.

2 He that form'd us in the womb,
He shall guide us to the tomb;
All our ways shall ever be
Order'd by his wise decree.

3 Times of sickness, times of health,
Blighting want, and cheerful wealth,
All our pleasures, all our pains,
Come, and end, as God ordains.

4 May we always own thy hand,
Still to thee surrender'd stand,
Know that thou art God alone,
We and ours are all thy own!

HYMN 12. (C. M.)

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines,
With never failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his gracious will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

IV. REDEMPTION.

HYMN 13. (S. M.)

Job ix. 2—6.

AH, how shall fallen man
Be just before his God!
If he contend in righteousness,
We sink beneath his rod.

2 If he our ways should mark
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, pow'rful God!
Who can with thee contend?
Or who that tries th' unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?

4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake!
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake!

5 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

HYMN 14. (L. M.)

Job ix. 30—33.

THOUGH I should seek to wash me clean
In water of the driven snow
My soul would yet its spot retain,
And sink in conscious guilt and wo:

2 The Spirit, in his pow'r divine,
Would cast my vaunting soul to earth;
Expose the foulness of its sin,
And show the vileness of its worth.

3 Ah, not like erring man is God,
That men to answer him should dare;
Condemn'd, and into silence aw'd,
They helpless stand before his bar.

4 There, must a Mediator plead,
Who, God and man, may both embrace;
With God, for man to intercede,
And offer man the purchas'd grace.

5 And lo! the Son of God is slain
To be this Mediator crown'd:
In Him, my soul, be cleans'd from stain,
In Him thy righteousness be found!

HYMN 15. (L. M.)

ALL glorious God, what hymns of praise
Shall our transported voices raise!
What ardent love and zeal are due,
While heav'n stands open to our view!

2 Once we were fall'n, and O how low!
Just on the brink of endless wo;
When Jesus, from the realms above,
Borne on the wings of boundless love,

3 Scatter'd the shades of death and night,
And spread around his heav'nly light!
By him what wondrous grace is shown
To souls impoverish'd and undone!

4 He shows, beyond these mortal shores,
A bright inheritance as ours;
Where saints in light our coming wait,
To share their holy, happy state.

HYMN 16. (C. M.)

SALVATION! O the joyful sound,
Glad tidings to our ears,
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! buried once in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But now we rise by grace divine,
And see a heav'nly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

4 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,
To Thee the praise belongs:
Our hearts shall kindle at thy name
Thy name inspire our songs.

Chorus, for the end of each verse.
Glory, honour, praise, and power
Be unto the Lamb for ever!
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer!
Hallelujah, praise the Lord!

HYMN 17. (C. M.)

TO our Redeemer's glorious Name
Awake the sacred song!
O may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this?

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue;
Till strangers love thy charming name
And join the sacred song.

HYMN 18. (III. 3.)

SAVIOUR, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Teach me some melodious measure
Sung by raptur'd saints above;

Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy blood.

4 By thy hand restor'd, defended,
Safe through life thus far I'm come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heav'nly home.

HYMN 19. (C. M.)

Titus iii. 4—7.

MY grateful soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his name,
Who turn'd thee from the fatal paths
Of folly, sin, and shame.

2 Vain and presumptuous is the trust
Which in our works we place:
Salvation from a higher source
Flows to our fallen race.

3 'Tis from the love of God, through Christ,
That all our hopes begin;
His mercy sav'd our souls from death,
And wash'd us from our sin.

4 His Spirit, through the Saviour shed,
His sacred fire imparts,
Removes our dross, and love divine
Enkindles in our hearts.

5 Thus rais'd from death, we live anew;
And, justified by grace,
We hope in glory to appear,
And see our Father's face.

HYMN 20. (C. M.)

HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart unchang'd can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 The will perverse, the passions blind,
In paths of ruin stray:
Reason debas'd can never find
The safe, the narrow way.

3 Can aught beneath a pow'r divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, Almighty Saviour, thine,
To form the heart anew.

4 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upwards bid them rise;
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes.

5 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live,
A beam of heav'n, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.

6 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine!
Then shall our passions and our pow'rs,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

HYMN 21. (C. M.)

FATHER, to thee my soul I lift,
On thee my hope depends,
Convinc'd that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And pow'r and wisdom too;
Without the Spirit of thy Son
We nothing good can do.

3 Thou all our works in us hast wrought
Our good is all divine;
The praise of every holy thought
And righteous word is thine.

4 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The pow'r on thee to call,
In whom we are, and move, and live:—
Our God is *all in all*.

HYMN 22. (III. 1.)

SING, my soul, his wondrous love,
Who, from yon bright throne above
Ever watchful o'er our race,
Still to man extends his grace.

2 Heav'n and earth by him were made,
All is by his sceptre sway'd;
What are we that he should show
So much love to us below?

3 God, the merciful and good,
Bought us with the Saviour's blood;
And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by his Spirit pure.

4 Sing, my soul, adore his Name;
Let his glory be thy theme:
Praise him till he calls thee home,
Trust his love for all to come.

HYMN 23. (S. M.)

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear;
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contriv'd a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the means that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace guides my wandering feet
To tread the heav'nly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

V. THE CHURCH.

HYMN 24. (S. M.)

LIKE Noah's weary dove,
That soar'd the earth around,
But not a resting place above
The cheerless waters found;

2 O cease, my wand'ring soul
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

5 And, when the waves of ire
Again the earth shall fill,
The Ark shall ride the sea of fire—
Then rest on Zion's hill.

HYMN 25. (S. M.)

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer sav'd
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 If e'er to bless thy sons
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

4 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare, or her wo,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

5 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be giv'n,
Till toils and cares shall end.

6 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heav'nly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

7 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliv'rance bring.

8 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be giv'n
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heav'n.

HYMN 26. (C. M.)

Hebrews xii. 18. 22—24.

NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke:

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God;
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels cloth'd in light!
Behold the spirits of the just
Whose faith is chang'd to sight.

4 Behold the bless'd assembly there
Whose names are writ in heav'n;
Hear God, the Judge of all, declare
Their sins, through Christ, forgiv'n!

5 Angels, and living saints, and dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their vital Head,
And of his love partake.

HYMN 27. (S. M.)

BLEST is the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour united prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we at death must part,
How keen, how deep the pain:
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Throughout eternity.

HYMN 28. (II. 1.)

Psalm cxxii.

The Church in Glory.

WITH joy shall I behold the day
That calls my willing soul away,
To dwell among the blest:
For lo! my great Redeemer's pow'r
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And points me to his rest.

2 Ev'n now, to my expecting eyes
The heav'n-built tow'rs of Salem rise,
Their glory I survey;
I view her mansions, that contain
The angel host, a beauteous train,
And shine with cloudless day.

3 Thither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeem'd of God ascend,
Borne on immortal wing;
There, crown'd with everlasting joy,
In ceaseless hymns their tongues em-
Before th' Almighty King. [ploy

4 The King a seat hath there prepar'd,
High, on eternal base uprear'd,
For his eternal Son:
His palaces with joy abound;
His saints, by him with glory crown'd,
Attend and share his throne.

5 Mother of cities! o'er thy head
Bright peace, with healing wings out-
For evermore shall dwell: [spread,

Let me, blest seat! my name behold
Among thy citizens enroll'd,
And bid the world farewell.

HYMN 29. (L. M.)
Isaiah lii. 1, 2.

TRIUMPHANT Zion! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead!
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength!

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known:
Deck'd in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallow'd walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their vict'ry and thy sorrows boast.

4 God from on high has heard thy pray-er,
His hand thy ruins shall repair:
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

VI. FESTIVALS AND FASTS.

THE LORD'S DAY.

HYMN 30. (II. 4.)

AWAKE, ye saints, awake,
And hail this sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay:
Welcome the day that God hath blest,
The type of heav'n's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquish'd all our foes:
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruits of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heav'n with hosannas rings,
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
Thro' endless years to live and reign.

4 Great King, gird on thy sword,
Ascend thy conqu'ring car;
While justice, truth, and love,
Maintain thy glorious war:
This day let sinners own thy sway,
And rebels cast their arms away!

HYMN 31. (C. M.)

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
Let young and old rejoice:
To him be vows and homage paid,
Whose service is our choice.

2 This is the temple of the Lord:
How dreadful is this place!
With meekness let us hear his word,
With reverence seek his face.

3 This is the homage he requires—
The voice of praise and prayer,
The soul's affections, hopes, desires
Ourselves and all we are.

4 While rich and poor for mercy call
Propitious from the skies,
The Lord, the Maker of them all,
Accepts the sacrifice.

5 Well pleas'd, through Jesus Christ his Son,
From sin he grants release;
According to their faith 'tis done,
He bids them go in peace.

HYMN 32. (S. M.)

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near
To feast his saints to-day;
Here may we sit, and see him here
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where Jesus is within,
Is better than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till it is call'd to soar away
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 33. (L. M.)

ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Lord's day has begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the hours thy God hath blest.

2 This day may our devotions rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies;
And heav'n that sweet repose bestow.
Which none but they who feel it know!

3 This peaceful calm within the breast
Is the sure pledge of heav'nly rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet, a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

HYMN 34. (II. 3.)

GREAT God! this sacred day of thine
Demands the soul's collected pow'rs;
Gladly we now to thee resign
These solemn, consecrated hours:
O may our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne!

2 All-seeing God! thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore;
May worldly cares our bosoms fly,
And where thou art intrude no more:
O may thy grace our spirits move,
And fix our minds on things above,

3 Thy Spirit's pow'rful aid impart,
And bid thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart;
Then shall the day indeed be thine:
Then shall our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne.

HYMN 35. (II. 4.)

IN loud exalted strains
The King of glory praise;
O'er heav'n and earth he reigns,
Through everlasting days:
But Zion, with his presence blest,
Is his delight, his chosen rest.

2 O King of glory! come,
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy home,
This people as thy own:
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show
How God can dwell with men below.

3 Now let thine ear attend
Our supplicating cries;
Now let our praise ascend
Accepted to the skies:
Now let thy gospel's joyful sound
Spread its celestial influence round.

4 Here may the list'ning throng
Imbibe thy truth and love;
Here, Christians join the song
Of seraphim above:
Till all who humbly seek thy face
Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

HYMN 36. (L. M.)

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,
Let my religious hours alone:
From flesh and sense I would be free,
And hold communion, Lord, with thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire
To see thy grace, to taste thy love,
And feel thine influence from above.

3 When I can say that God is mine,
When I can see thy glories shine,
I 'll tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that men call rich and great.

4 Send comfort down from thy right hand;
To cheer me in this barren land;
And in thy temple let me know
The joys that from thy presence flow.

HYMN 37. (L. M.)

MY op'ning eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.

2 I yield my heart to thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest;
Eternal King! erect thy throne,
And reign sole monarch in my breast.

3 O bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought, through all the day.

4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

HYMN 38. (III. 1.)

TO thy temple I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there,
While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue.

2 While the pray'rs of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

3 While I hearken to thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

4 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in thy name;
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear thee speaking from on high.

5 From thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at ev'ning let me say,
"I have walk'd with God to-day."

HYMN 39. (L. M.)

After Sermon.

ALMIGHTY Father! bless the word
Which, through thy grace, we now have heard;
O may the precious seed take root,
Spring up, and bear abundant fruit!

2 We praise thee for the means of grace,
Thus in thy courts to seek thy face:
Grant, Lord! that we who worship here
May all, at length, in heav'n appear.

HYMN 40. (III. 5.)

LORD! dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us
Trav'lling through this wilderness!

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found!

ADVENT.

HYMN 41. (C. M.)

HARK the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyes oppress'd with night
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad *Hosannas*, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN 42. (III. 3.)

HAIL, thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free!
From our sins and fears release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints, thou art,
Long desir'd of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet God our King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

CHRISTMAS.

HYMN 43. (C. M.)

Luke ii. 8—15.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you, and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heav'nly Babe you there shall find,
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Address'd their joyful song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will, henceforth, from heav'n to men,
Begin and never cease!"

HYMN 44. (C. M.)

WHILE angels thus, O Lord, rejoice,
Shall men no anthem raise?
O may we lose these useless tongues,
When we forget to praise!

2 Then let us swell responsive notes,
And join the heav'nly throng;
For angels no such love have known
As we, to wake their song.

3 Good-will to sinful dust is shown,
And peace on earth is giv'n;
For lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes,
With news of joy from heav'n!

4 Mercy and truth, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn;
Let heav'n and earth in concert sing
"The promis'd Child is born!"

5 Glory to God, in highest strains,
By highest worlds is paid;
Be glory, then, by us proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd;

6 Till we attain those blissful realms,
Where now our Saviour reigns;
To rival these celestial choirs
In their immortal strains!

HYMN 44. (III. 1.)

HARK! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd!

2 Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With th' angelic hosts proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

3 Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the virgin's womb!

4 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see
Hail th' incarnate Deity,
Pleas'd, as man, with man to dwell,
Jesus, now Emanuel.

5 Ris'n with healing in his wings,
Light and life to all he brings;
Hail the Sun of righteousness,
Hail the heav'n-born Prince of peace!

HYMN 46.

Chorus. Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

Zion! the marvellous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth!

The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth.
Chorus. Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

2 Tell how he cometh; from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round; [tion,
How free to the faithful he offers salvaHow his people with joy everlasting are crown'd.
Chorus. Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

3 Mortals! your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
Ye angels! the full hallelujah be singing,
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.
Chorus. Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

HYMN 47. (C. M.)
Isaiah ix. 2—7.

THE race that long in darkness pin'd
Have seen a glorious light;
The people now behold the dawn,
Who dwelt in death and night.

2 To hail thy rising, Sun of life!
The gath'ring nations come,
Joyous as when the reapers bear
Their harvest treasures home.

3 For thou our burden hast remov'd,
Th' oppressor's reign is broke;
Thy fiery conflict with the foe
Has burst his cruel yoke.

4 To us the promis'd Child is born;
To us the Son is giv'n;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
And all the hosts of heav'n.

5 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
For evermore ador'd,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The mighty God and Lord.

6 His pow'r increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

END OF THE YEAR.

HYMN 48. (C. M.)

TIME hastens on; ye longing saints,
Now raise your voices high;
And magnify that sov'reign love
Which shows salvation nigh.

2 As time departs, salvation comes
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year.

3 Not many years their course shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our transported eyes.

HYMN 49. (C. M.)
St. Luke xiii. 6—9.

SEE, in the vineyard of the Lord,
A barren fig-tree stands;
No fruit it yields, no blossom bears,
Though planted by his hands.

2 From year to year the tree he views,
And still no fruit is found; [mands,
Then "cut it down" the Lord com-
"Why cumbers it the ground?"

3 But lo! the gracious Saviour pleads—
"The barren fig-tree spare,
Another year in mercy wait,
It yet may bloom and bear.

4 "But if my culture prove in vain,
And still no fruit be found,
I plead no more; destroy the tree,
And root it from thy ground."

NEW YEAR.

HYMN 50. (L. M.)

THE God of life, whose constant care
With blessings crowns each op'ning year,
My scanty span doth still prolong
And wakes anew mine annual song.

2 How many precious souls are fled
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since to this day the changing sun
Through his last yearly period run!

3 We yet survive; but who can say
"Or through this year, or month, or day
I shall retain this vital breath,
Thus far, at least, in league with death?"

4 That breath is thine, eternal God,
'Tis thine to fix my soul's abode;
It holds its life from thee alone,
On earth, or in the world unknown

5 To thee our spirits we resign,
Make them and own them still as thine,
So shall they live secure from fear,
Though death should blast the rising year.

6 Thy children, panting to be gone,
May bid the tide of time roll on,
To land them on that happy shore
Where years and death are known no more.

7 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach that place;
No groans, to mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues:

8 No more alarms from ghostly foes;
No cares, to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

9 O long expected year! begin,
Dawn on this world of wo and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
To sleep in death, and rest with God.

HYMN 51. (C. M.)

AS o'er the past my mem'ry strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh?
'Tis that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepar'd to die.

2 The world and worldly things belov'd
My anxious thoughts employ'd;
And time unhallow'd, unimprov'd,
Presents a fearful void.

3 Yet, holy Father, wild despair
Chase from my lab'ring breast:
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer,
That grace can do the rest.

4 My life's brief remnant all be thine!
And, when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
O speed my soul to Thee!

EPIPHANY.

HYMN 52. (S. M.)

Isaiah lii. 7—10.

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice,
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour-King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heav'nly light!
Prophets and kings desir'd it long
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN 53. (II. 5.)

Isaiah lx. &c.

RISE, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy tow'ring head and lift thine eyes!
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
See future sons and daughters yet unborn
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!

3 See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light and in thy temple bend!
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings!

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains—
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

HYMN 54. (II. 6.)

Psalm lxxii.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd, and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 To him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows, ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
That name to us is Love.

HYMN 55. (C. M.)

Isaiah ii. 2—5.

O'ER mountain tops the mount of [God
In latter days shall rise,
Above the summits of the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
Up to the mount of God, they'll say,
And to his house, we'll go.

3 The beams that shine from Zion's [hill
Shall lighten every land;
The king who reigns in Salem's tow'rs
Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations he shall judge,
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And crush the sinner's pride.

5 For peaceful implements shall men
Exchange their swords and spears;
Nor shall they study war again
Throughout those happy years.

6 Come, O ye house of Jacob! come
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy graces shine.

LENT.

HYMN 56. (III. 1.)

Litany.

SAVIOUR, when, in dust, to thee
Low we bow th' adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes
O, by all thy pains and wo,
Suffer'd once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

2 By thy birth and early years,
By thy human griefs and fears,
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness,
By thy vict'ry in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's pow'r,
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds—thy crown of thorn,
By thy cross—thy pangs and cries,
By thy perfect sacrifice,
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

4 By thy deep expiring groan,
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
By thy pow'r from death to save;
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To thy throne in heav'n restor'd,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry
Hear our solemn litany.

HYMN 57. (L. M.)

MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heav'nly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And all my purest joys forego?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

HYMN 58. (C. M.)

ALAS, what hourly dangers rise,
What snares beset my way!
To heav'n, O let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts com- [plain
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah, how vain,
How strong my foes and fears!

3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Whene'er temptations fright my [heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy pow'rful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.

6 O keep me in thy heav'nly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

HYMN 59. (C. M.)

HOW oft, alas, this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet sov'reign mercy calls, "Return;"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wand'rer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet for- [give,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing pow'r
How glorious, how divine!

That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

HYMN 60. (L. M.)

O THOU, to whose all searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it looks to thee,
O burst its bonds, and set it free!

2 Wash out its stains, remove its dross,
Bind my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No harm, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of wo,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour! where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untir'd, I follow thee:
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

See Hymns on Repentance.

PASSION WEEK, AND GOOD FRIDAY.

HYMN 61. (III. 4.)

Isaiah lxiii 1—4.

WHO is this that comes from Edom,
All his raiment stain'd with blood,
To the captive speaking freedom,
Bringing and bestowing good;
Glorious in the garb he wears,
Glorious in the spoil he bears?

2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Trav'lling onward in his might;
'Tis the Saviour, O how glorious
To his people is the sight!
Satan conquer'd, and the grave,
Jesus now is strong to save.

3 Why that blood his raiment staining?
'Tis the blood of many slain;
Of his foes there 's none remaining,
None, the contest to maintain:
Fall'n they are, no more to rise,
All their glory prostrate lies.

4 Mighty Victor, reign for ever,
Wear the crown so dearly won!
Never shall thy people, never,
Cease to sing what thou hast done!
Thou hast fought thy people's foes;
Thou hast heal'd thy people's woes.

HYMN 62. (L. M.)

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to thy blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet
Sorrow and love flow mingled down
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose a Saviour's crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

HYMN 63. (C. M.)

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for me!

2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid,
"Receive my soul!" he cries;
See where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head and dies!

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine!

HYMN 64. (C. M.)

MY Saviour, hanging on the tree
In agonies and blood,
Methought, once turn'd his eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

2 Sure, never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

3 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
And plung'd me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

4 Alas! I knew not what I did:
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.

5 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive:
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die, that thou may'st live."

6 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
(Such is the mystery of grace,)
It seals my pardon too.

HYMN 65. (C. M.)

FROM whence these direful omens round,
Which heav'n and earth amaze?
Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground?
Why hides the sun his rays?

2 Well may the earth astonish'd shake,
And nature sympathize;
The sun as darkest night be black!
Their Maker, Jesus, dies!

3 Behold, fast streaming from the tree,
His all-atoning blood!
Is this the Infinite? 'tis he,
My Saviour and my God.

4 For me these pangs his soul assail,
For me this death is borne;
My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed ev'ry thorn.

5 Let sin no more my soul enslave,
Break, Lord, its tyrant chain;
O save me, whom thou cam'st to save,
Nor bleed, nor die in vain!

HYMN 66. (L. M.)

St. John xix. 30.

'TIS finish'd—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bow'd his head and died;
'Tis finish'd—yes, the work is done,
The battle fought, the vict'ry won.

2 'Tis finish'd—all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd, as long design'd,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finish'd—Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore;
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.

4 'Tis finish'd—this, my dying groan,
Shall sins of every kind atone:
Millions shall be redeem'd from death
By this, my last expiring breath.

5 'Tis finish'd—heav'n is reconcil'd,
And all the pow'rs of darkness spoil'd:
Peace, love, and happiness, again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

6 'Tis finish'd—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
'Tis finish'd—let the echo fly
Through heav'n and hell, through earth and sky.

HYMN 67. (L. M.)

For the Jews.

HIGH on the bending willows hung,
Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string?
Still mute remains the sullen tongue,
And Zion's song denies to sing?

2 Awake! thy loudest raptures raise,
Let harp and voice unite their strains:
Thy promis'd King his sceptre sways;
Behold, thy own Messiah reigns.

3 By foreign streams no longer roam,
And, weeping, think on Jordan's flood;
In every clime behold a home,
In ev'ry temple see thy God.

4 No taunting foes the song require,
No strangers mock thy captive chain;
Thy friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.

5 Then why, on bending willows hung,
Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string?
Why mute remains the sullen tongue,
And Zion's song delays to sing?

EASTER.

HYMN 68. (C. M.)

1 *Cor.* v. 8. *Rom.* vi. 9, 10, 11.

SINCE Christ our Passover is slain,
A sacrifice for all,
Let all, with thankful hearts, agree
To keep the festival:

2 Not with the leaven, as of old,
Of sin and malice fed;
But with unfeign'd sincerity,
And truth's unleaven'd bread.

3 Christ, being rais'd by pow'r divine,
And rescu'd from the grave,
Shall die no more; death shall on him
No more dominion have.

4 For that he died, 'twas for our sins
He once vouchsaf'd to die:
But that he lives, he lives to God
For all eternity.

5 So count yourselves as dead to sin,
But graciously restor'd,
And made henceforth alive to God,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

HYMN 69. (III. 1.)

CHRIST the Lord is ris'n to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing ye heav'ns, and earth reply!

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the vict'ry won:
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids him rise,
Christ hath open'd paradise.

4 Soar we now where Christ hath led
Foll'wing our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise—
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

HYMN 70. (L. M.)

Col. iii. 1, 2.

YE faithful souls who Jesus know,
If ris'n indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's pow'r declare:

2 Your faith by holy tempers prove,
By actions show your sins forgiv'n,
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your head, to heav'n.

3 There your exalted Saviour see
Seated at God's right hand again,
In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting pow'r to reign.

4 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your destin'd place;
And emulate the angel choir,
And only live to love and praise.

HYMN 71. (C. M.)

1 *Cor.* xv. 20, 21, 22. *Col.* iii. 1.

CHRIST from the dead is rais'd, and made
The First Fruits of the tomb;
For, as by man came death, by man
Did resurrection come.

2 For, as in Adam all mankind
Did guilt and death derive;
So, by the righteousness of Christ,
Shall all be made alive.

3 If then ye risen are with Christ,
Seek only how to get
The things which are above, where
At God's right hand is set. [Christ

ASCENSION

HYMN 72. (L. M.)

HE dies, the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!

2 Ye saints approach! the anguish view
Of him who groans beneath your load;
He gives his precious life for you,
For you he sheds his precious blood.

3 Here 's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo, what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again!

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb,
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant death in chains!

6 Say, "Live for ever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, instruct, and save!"
Then ask—"O death where is thy sting!
And where thy victory, O grave!"

HYMN 73. (L. M.)

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right,
Receive the King of glory in.

4 "Who is the King of glory, who?"
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the conq'ror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"

6 "Who is the King of glory, who?"
The Lord of boundless pow'r possess'd,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever bless'd!

WHITSUNDAY.

HYMN 74. (C. M.)

COME, Holy Ghost! Creator, come,
Inspire these souls of thine;
Till every heart which thou hast made
Be fill'd with grace divine.

2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God, and fire of love;
The everlasting spring of joy,
And unction from above.

3 Thy gifts are manifold, thou writ'st
God's law in each true heart;
The promise of the Father, thou
Dost heav'nly speech impart.

4 Enlighten our dark souls, till they
Thy sacred love embrace;
Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With thy celestial grace.

5 Drive far from us the mortal foe,
And give us peace within,
That, by thy guidance blest, we may
Escape the snares of sin.

6 Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, from death reviv'd,
And thee with both, O Holy Ghost,
Who art from both deriv'd.

HYMN 75. (C. M.)

COME Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannahs languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 76. (C. M.)

HE'S come! let every knee be bent,
All hearts new joy resume;
Sing, ye redeem'd, with one consent,
"The Comforter is come."

2 What greater gift, what greater love,
Could God on man bestow?
Angels for this rejoice above,
Let man rejoice below!

3 Hail, blessed Spirit! may each soul
Thy sacred influence feel;
Do thou each sinful thought control,
And fix our wav'ring zeal!

4 Thou to the conscience dost convey
Those checks which we should know;
Thy motions point to us the way;
Thou giv'st us strength to go.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

HYMN 77. (L. M.)

O HOLY, holy, holy, Lord,
Bright in thy deeds and in thy name,
For ever be thy name ador'd,
Thy glories let the world proclaim!

2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day!

3 O Holy Spirit, from above
In streams of light and glory giv'n,
Thou source of ecstasy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and heav'n!

4 O God triune! to thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may thy praises flow [tongue!
From saint and seraph's burning

HYMN 78. (L. M.)

FATHER of all, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pard'ning love extend!

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we sinners bend,
To us thy saving grace extend!

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is rais'd from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quick'ning power extend!

4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead, Three in one!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend!

HYMN 79. (H. 4.)

WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And all our hopes above:
He sent his own
Eternal Son,
To die for sins
That man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who sav'd us by his blood
From everlasting wo:
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit praise
And endless worship give,
Whose new-creating pow'r
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes
The great design,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.

4 Almighty God! to thee
Be endless honours done;
The sacred Persons three,
The Godhead only one;
Where reason fails
With all her pow'rs,
There faith prevails,
And love adores.

FAST-DAY.

HYMN 80 (C. M.)

ALMIGHTY Lord! before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy pard'ning grace alone
Our prostrate hopes depend.

2 Dark judgments, from thy heavy hand,
Thy dreadful pow'r display;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 How chang'd, alas! are truths divine
For error, guilt and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

4 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
Convert us by thy grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And see again thy face.

5 Then, should oppressing foes invade,
We will not sink in fear;
Secure of all-sufficient aid,
When God, our God, is near.

HYMN 81. (III. 3.)

DREAD Jehovah! God of nations!
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliv'rance rise:

2 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at thy feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

4 Let that love veil our transgression,
Let that blood our guilt efface:
Save thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil thy holy place.

HYMN 82. (L. M.)

Payer and Hope for Victory.

NOW may the God of grace and pow'r
Attend his people's humble cry;
Defend them in the needful hour,
And send deliv'rance from on high.

2 In his salvation is our hope,
And in the name of Israel's God
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

3 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts;
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heav'nly hosts!

4 Then save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
And let our trust be firm and strong;
Till thy salvation shall appear,
And hymns of peace conclude our song.

THANKSGIVING-DAY.

HYMN 83. *Part* 1. (III. 2.)

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ:
All to thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

2 All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain;
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss and public wealth,
Knowledge, with its gladd'ning streams,
Pure religion's holier beams;
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Part 2.

5 Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the rip'ning ear;
Though the sick'ning flock should fall,
And the herd desert the stall;
Still to thee our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

6 Should thine alter'd hand restrain
Th' early and the latter rain,
Blast each op'ning bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy;
Still to thee our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

7 Life and grace, whate'er our wo,
Still to thee, our God, we owe;
Though of earthly hopes bereft,
Yet our hope of heav'n is left;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

HYMN 84. (C. M.)

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine,
The plants in beauty grew:
Thou gav'st the summer's suns to shine,
The mild refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above
Matur'd the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless thy gracious sway,
Thy hand all nature hails;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter fails.

HYMN 85. (L. M.)

For Public Mercies and Deliverances.

SALVATION doth to God belong,
His pow'r and grace shall be our song;
From him alone all mercies flow,
His arm alone subdues the foe.

2 Then praise this God, who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's pray'r;
And though deliv'rance he may stay,
Yet answers still in his own day.

3 O may this goodness lead our land,
Still sav'd by thine Almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King;

4 Till every public temple raise
A song of triumph to thy praise;
And every peaceful, private home
To thee a temple shall become.

5 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy glorious sight;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour, to persevere.

VII. ORDINANCES AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

BAPTISM OF INFANTS.

HYMN 86. (III. 3)

SAVIOUR! who thy flock art feeding,
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share;

2 Now, *these* little *ones* receiving,
Fold *them* in thy gracious arm—
There, we know—thy word believing—
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let *them* be the Lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep *them* all life's dang'rous way:

4 Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let *them* find a resting place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

HYMN 87. (S. M.)

THE gentle Saviour calls
Our children to his breast;
He folds them in his gracious arms,
Himself declares them blest.

2 "Let them approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heav'n are such as these,
For such as these I came."

3 Gladly we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to thee,
Imploring, that, as we are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

BAPTISM OF ADULTS.

HYMN 88. (S. M.)

Ephesians vi. 10—13.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts
And in his mighty pow'r,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endu'd;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:

4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may behold your vict'ry won,
And stand complete at last.

CONFIRMATION.

HYMN 89. (L. M.)

O HAPPY day, that stays my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell thy goodness all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to his sacred throne I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
Deign, gracious Lord, to make me thine;
Help me, through grace, to follow on,
Glad to confess thy voice divine.

4 Here rest, my oft divided heart,
Fix'd on thy God, thy Saviour, rest;
Who with the world would grieve to part,
When call'd on angels' food to feast.

5 High heav'n, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

HYMN 90. (C. M.)

WITNESS, ye men and angels, now;
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break:

2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

HYMN 91. (C. M.)

YOUTH, when devoted to the Lord,
Is pleasing in his eyes;
A flow'r, though offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

2 'Tis easier far if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
For sinners who grow old in sin
Are harden'd by their crimes.

3 It saves us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtues strong.

4 To thee, Almighty God, to thee
Our hearts we now resign:
'T'will please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

HYMN 92. (C M.)

O, IN the morn of life, when youth
With vital ardour glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose,—

2 Deep in thy soul, before its pow'rs
Are yet by vice enslav'd,

Be thy Creator's glorious name
And character engrav'd:

3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy days;
And cares and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all thy ways:

4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,
With vain regret, deplore;
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.

5 True wisdom, early sought and gain'd,
In age will give thee rest:
O then, improve the morn of life,
To make its ev'ning blest!

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

HYMN 93. (C. M.)

Rev. iv. 11; v. 12. 9. 13.

THOU, God, all glory, honour, pow'r,
Art worthy to receive;
Since all things by thy pow'r were made,
And by thy bounty live.

2 And worthy is the Lamb all pow'r,
Honour, and wealth to gain,
Glory and strength; who for our sins
A sacrifice was slain.

3 All worthy thou, who hast redeem'd
And ransom'd us to God,
From every nation, every coast,
By thy most precious blood.

4 Blessing and honour, glory, pow'r,
By all in earth and heav'n,
To him that sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb be giv'n.

HYMN 94. (L. M.)

MY God, and is thy table spread?
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them thy sweet mercies know!

2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes!
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heav'nly food!

3 Why are its bounties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts display'd?
Was not for you the victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

4 O let thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests!
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its holy pledges tastes!

5 Drawn by thy quick'ning grace, O Lord,
In countless numbers let them come,
And gather from their Father's board,
The bread that lives beyond the tomb!

6 Nor let thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run,
Till with this bread all men be blest,
Who see the light, or feel the sun!

HYMN 95. (C. M.)

AND are we now brought near to God,
Who once at distance stood?
And, to effect this glorious change,
Did Jesus shed his blood?

2 O for a song of ardent praise,
To bear our souls above!
What should allay our lively hope,
Or damp our flaming love!

3 Then let us join the heav'nly choirs
To praise our heav'nly King!
O may that love which spread this board
Inspire us while we sing—

4 "Glory to God in highest strains,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will from heav'n to men is come,
And let it never cease!"

HYMN 96. (L. M.)

TO Jesus, our exalted Lord,
That name in heav'n and earth ador'd,
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

2 But all the notes which mortals know
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 Yet whilst around his board we meet,
And worship at his sacred feet,
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love.

4 Yes, Lord, we love and we adore,
But long to know and love thee more;
And, whilst we taste the bread and wine,
Desire to feed on joys divine.

5 Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see thy wondrous love display'd;
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.

6 Let humble, penitential wo,
With painful, pleasing anguish flow;
And thy forgiving love impart
Life, hope, and joy, to every heart.

ORDINATION, OR INSTITUTION OF MINISTERS.

HYMN 97. (L. M.)

St. Matt. x.

GO forth, ye heralds, in my name,
Sweetly the gospel trumpet sound;
The glorious jubilee proclaim
Where'er the human race is found.

2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies;
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes

3 Be wise as serpents, where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove

And let your heav'n-taught conduct show
That ye're commission'd from above.

4 Freely from me ye have receiv'd,
Freely, in love, to others give;
Thus shall your doctrines be believ'd,
And, by your labours, sinners live.

HYMN 98. (L. M.)

St. Mark xvi. 15, &c.; *and St. Matt.* xxviii. 18, &c.

"GO, preach my gospel," saith the Lord,
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
Explain to them my sacred word,
Bid them believe, obey, and live.

2 "I'll make my great commission known,
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
And all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
Go cast out devils in my name;
Nor let my prophets be afraid,
Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.

4 "While thus ye follow my commands,
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All pow'r is trusted in my hands,
I can destroy, and can defend."

5 He spake, and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode;
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

HYMN 99. (L. M.)

THE Saviour, when to heav'n he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

2 Hence sprang th' *Apostle's* honour'd name;
Sacred beyond heroic fame;
Hence dictates the *prophetic* sage,
And hence, the *evangelic* page.

3 In lower forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence and *teachers* rise;
Who, though with feebler rays they shine,
Still mark a long extended line.

4 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And, fed by him, their graces live;
While, guarded by his potent hand,
Amidst the rage of hell they stand.

5 So shall the bright succession run
Through all the courses of the sun;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

6 Jesus, our Lord, their hearts shall know,
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout his praise,
Through the long round of endless days.

HYMN 100. (L. M.)

FATHER of mercies! bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer:
We plead for those who plead for thee,
Successful pleaders may they be!

2 How great their work, how vast their charge!
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge;
Their best acquirements are our gain,
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 Clothe, then, with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain—
Souls that will well reward their pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating pow'r.

6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

HYMN 101. (L. M.)

AND wilt thou, O Eternal God,
On earth establish thine abode?
Then look propitious from thy throne,
And take this temple for thine own.

2 These walls we to thine honour raise
Long may they echo in thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With the rich tokens of thy grace.

3 Here may the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While pow'r divine his word attends,
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.

4 And, in the last decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
Thousands were born for glory here.

MISSIONS.

HYMN 102. (L. M.)

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms, of ev'ry tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The pris'ner leaps to burst his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where he displays his healing pow'r,
Death and the curse are known no more:
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let ev'ry creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.

HYMN 103. (L. M.)

Psalm cxvii.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Jehovah's glorious name be sung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
And truth eternal is thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

HYMN 104. (L. M.)

O SPIRIT of the Living God!
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race!

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word;
Give pow'r and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order, in thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Convert the nations: far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till ev'ry people call him Lord.

HYMN 105. (H. 1.)

For Missions to the new settlements in the United States.

WHEN, Lord, to this our Western land,
Led by thy providential hand,
Our wand'ring fathers came,
Their ancient homes, their friends in youth,
Sent forth the heralds of thy truth
To keep them in thy name.

2 Then, through our solitary coast
The desert features soon were lost;
Thy temples there arose;
Our shores, as culture made them fair,
Were hallow'd by thy rites, by pray'r,
And blossom'd as the rose.

3 And O! may we repay this debt
To regions solitary yet
Within our spreading land!
There, brethren from our common home
Still westward, like our fathers, roam;
Still guided by thy hand.

4 Saviour! we own this debt of love;
O shed thy Spirit from above,
To move each Christian breast;
Till heralds shall thy truth proclaim,
And temples raise to fix thy name
Through all our desert west.

HYMN 106. (C. M.)

Isaiah xxxv. 2.

ON Zion, and on Lebanon,
On Carmel's blooming height,
On Sharon's fertile plains, once shone
The glory, pure and bright:

2 From thence its mild and cheering ray
Stream'd forth from land to land;
And empires now behold its day,
And still its beams expand.

3 Its brightest splendours, darting west,
Our happy shores illume;
Our farther regions, once unblest,
Now like a garden bloom:

4 But ah! our deserts deep and wild
See not this heav'nly light;
No sacred beams, no radiance mild,
Dispel their dreary night.

5 *Thou*, who didst lighten Zion's hill,
On Carmel who didst shine,
Our deserts let thy glory fill,
Thy excellence divine!

6 Like Lebanon, in tow'ring pride,
May all our forests smile;
And may our borders blossom wide,
Like Sharon's fruitful soil!

HYMN 107. (H. 6.)

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle;
Though ev'ry prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O, Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name!

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

HYMN 108. (L. M.)

For the Jews.

DISOWN'D of heav'n, by man oppressed, [ground,
Outcasts from Zion's hallow'd
Wherefore should Israel's sons, once blest, [around?
Still roam the scorning world

2 Lord, visit thy forsaken race,
Back to thy fold the wand'rers bring;
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
And hail in Christ their promis'd King.

3 The veil of darkness rend in twain
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
The sever'd olive branch again
Firm to its parent stock unite.

4 Hail, glorious day, expected long!
When Jew and Greek one pray'r shall pour,
With eager feet one temple throng,
With grateful praise one God adore.

HYMN 109. (IV. 1.)

Rev. xv. 3, 4.

HOW wondrous and great
Thy works, God of praise!
How just, King of saints,
And true, are all thy ways!
O who shall not fear thee,
And honour thy name!
Thou only art holy,
Thou only supreme!

2 To nations long dark
Thy light shall be shown;
Their worship and vows
Shall come to thy throne:
Thy truth and thy judgments
Shall spread all abroad,
Till earth's ev'ry people
Confess thee their God.

FOR SUNDAY AND CHARITY SCHOOLS.

HYMN 110. (II. 4.)

Children.

COME let our voices join
In one glad song of praise:
To God, the God of love,
Our grateful hearts we raise:

Congregation.

To God alone your praise belongs;
His love demands your earliest songs.

Children.

2 Now we are taught to read
The book of life divine;
Where our Redeemer's love
And brightest glories shine:

Congregation.

To God alone the praise is due,
Who sends his word to us and you.

Children.

3 Within these hallow'd walls
Our wand'ring feet are brought;
Where pray'r and praise ascend,
And heav'nly truths are taught:

Congregation.

To God alone your off'rings bring,
Here in his church his praises sing.

Children.

4 For blessings such as these
Our gratitude receive;
Lord, here accept our hearts,
'Tis all that we can give:

Congregation.

Great God, accept their infant songs;
To thee alone their praise belongs.

Both.

5 Lord, bid this work of love
Be crown'd with meet success
May thousands yet unborn
This institution bless:
Thus shall the praise resound to thee.
Now, and through all eternity.

HYMN 111. (III. 1.)

GLORY to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live:
Children's prayers he deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight his ear.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King:
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost,
He reclaims the sinner lost;
Children's minds may he inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the Gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

HYMN 112. (C. M.)

WHEN Jesus left his heav'nly throne,
He chose an humble birth;
Like us unhonour'd and unknown,
He came to dwell on earth:

2 Like him may we be found below
In wisdom's paths of peace;
Like him, in grace and knowledge grow
As years and strength increase.

3 Sweet were his words, and kind his look,
When mothers round him press'd;
Their infants in his arms he took,
And on his bosom bless'd:

4 Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath his watchful eye,

O, thus encircled in his arms,
May we for ever lie!

HYMN 113. (L. M.)

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heav'n, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heav'n below;
Not all that earth and sin can say
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
The text and doctrine of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine
Fill up this sinful heart of mine;
That, hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

HYMN 114. (C. M.)

MERCY, descending from above,
In softest accents pleads:
O may each tender bosom move
When mercy intercedes!

2 Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Creator love.

3 Delightful work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek their Srviour's face.

4 Almighty God! thine influence shed
To aid this blest design;
The honour of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

CHARITABLE OCCASIONS.

HYMN 115. (C. M.)

BLEST is the man whose soft'ning heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Is never rais'd in vain:

2 Whose breast responds with gen'rous warmth,
A stranger's wo to feel;
Who weeps in pity o'er the wound
He wants the pow'r to heal.

3 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

4 To him protection shall be shown;
And mercy, from above,
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The Christian law of love.

HYMN 116. (C. M.)

RICH are the joys which cannot die,
With God laid up in store;
Treasures beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

2 The seeds which piety and love
Have scatter'd here below,
In the fair fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.

3 The mite my willing hands can give
At Jesus' feet I lay;
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
Abounding grace repay.

HYMN 117. (III. 3.)

LORD of life, all praise excelling,
Thou, in glory unconfin'd,
Deign'st to make thy humble dwelling
With the poor of humble mind.

2 As thy love through all creation
Beams like thy diffusive light;
So the high and humble station
Both are equal in thy sight.

3 Thus thy care, for all providing,
Warm'd thy faithful prophet's tongue;
Who, the lot of all deciding,
To thy chosen Israel's song:

4 When thy harvest yields thee pleasure,
Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind;
To the poor belongs the treasure
Of the scatter'd ears behind.

Chorus.

These thy God ordains to bless,
The widow and the fatherless.

5 When thine olive plants increasing
Pour their plenty o'er thy plain,
Grateful, thou shalt take the blessing,
But not search the bough again.

Chorus. These, &c.

6 When thy favour'd vintage flowing
Gladdens thine autumnal scene,
Own the bounteous hand bestowing,
But thy vines the poor shall glean.

Chorus. These, &c.

7 Still we read thy word declaring
Mercy, Lord, thine own decree;
Mercy, ev'ry sorrow sharing,
Warms the heart resembling thee.

8 Still the orphan and the stranger,
Still the widow, own thy care,
Screen'd by thee in every danger,
Heard by thee in every prayer.

Hallelujah. Amen.

TO BE USED AT SEA.

HYMN 118. (L. M.)

GOD of the seas! thine awful voice
Bids all the rolling waves rejoice;
And one soft word of thy command
Can sink them silent on the sand.

2 The smallest fish that swims the seas,
Sportful, to thee a tribute pays;
And largest monsters of the deep,
At thy command, or rage or sleep.

3 Thus is thy glorious pow'r ador'd
Among the wat'ry nations, Lord!

Yet men, who trace the dangerous waves,
Forget the mighty God who saves!

HYMN 119. (IV. 5.)

"*Save, Lord! or we perish.*" Matt. viii. 25.

WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
No hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker: "Save, Lord! or we perish."

2 O Jesus, once rock'd on the breast of the billow,
Arous'd by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord! or we perish."

3 And O! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
Then send down thy Spirit thy ransom'd to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer; "Save, Lord! or we perish."

HYMN 120. (C. M)

Which may be used at Sea or on Land.

LORD! for the just thou dost provide,
Thou art their sure defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 Though they through foreign lands should roam,
And breathe the tainted air
In burning climates, far from home,
Yet thou, their God, art there.

3 Thy goodness sweetens ev'ry soil,
Makes every country please:
Thou on the snowy hills dost smile,
And smooth'st the rugged seas.

4 When waves on waves, to heav'n
Defied the pilot's art; [uprear'd,
When terror in each face appear'd,
And sorrow in each heart;

5 To thee I rais'd my humble prayer,
To snatch me from the grave:
I found thine ear not slow to hear,
Nor short thine arm to save!

6 Thou gav'st the word—the winds did cease,
The storms obey'd thy will,
The raging sea was hush'd in peace,
The ev'ry wave was still!

7 For this my life, in every state,
A life of praise shall be;
And death, when death shall be my fate,
Shall join my soul to thee.

FOR THE SICK.

HYMN 121. (L. M.)

WHEN dangers, woes, or death are nigh,
Past mercies teach me where to fly:
Thine arm, Almighty God, can aid,
When sickness grieves, and pains invade.

2 To all the various helps of art
Kindly thy healing power impart:
Bethesda's bath refus'd to save,
Unless an angel bless'd the wave.

3 All med'cines act by thy decree,
Receive commission all from thee:
And not a plant which spreads the plains
But teems with health, when Heav'n ordains.

4 Clay and Siloam's pool, we find,
At Heav'n's command restor'd the blind;
And Jordan's waters hence were seen
To wash a Syrian leper clean.

5 But grant me nobler favours still,
Grant me to know and do thy will;
Purge my foul soul from every stain,
And save me from eternal pain.

6 Can such a wretch for pardon sue?
My crimes, my crimes, arise in view,
Arrest my trembling tongue in prayer,
And pour the horrors of despair.

7 But thou, regard my contrite sighs,
My tortur'd breast, my streaming eyes;
To me thy boundless love extend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend.

8 These lovely names I ne'er could plead,
Had not thy Son vouchsaf'd to bleed;
His blood procures our fallen race
Admittance to the throne of grace.

9 When sin has shot its poison'd dart,
And conscious guilt corrodes the heart,
His blood is all-sufficient found
To draw the shaft and heal the wound.

10 What arrows pierce so deep as sin?
What venom gives such pain within?
Thou great Physician of the soul,
Rebuke my pangs and make me whole.

11 O! if I trust thy sov'reign skill,
And bow submissive to thy will,
Sickness and death shall both agree
To bring me, Lord, at last to thee.

HYMN 122. (C. M.)

On Recovery from Sickness.

WHEN we are rais'd from deep distress,
Our God deserves our song;
We take the pattern of our praise
From Hezekiah's tongue.

2 The gates of the devouring grave
Are open'd wide in vain,
If he that holds the keys of death
Command them fast again.

3 When he but speaks the healing word
Then no disease withstands;

Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly, as he commands.

4 If half the strings of life should break,
He can our frame restore;
And cast our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

5 To him I cried, "Thy servant save,
Thou ever good and just;
Thy pow'r can rescue from the grave,
Thy pow'r is all my trust!"

6 He heard, and sav'd my soul from death,
And dried my falling tears;
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
Through my remaining years.

HYMN 123. (L. M.)

On the same.

MY God since thou hast rais'd me up,
Thee I'll extol with thankful voice;
Restor'd by thine Almighty pow'r,
With fear before thee I'll rejoice.

2 With troubles worn, with pain oppress'd,
To thee I cry'd, and thou didst save;
Thou didst support my sinking hopes,
My life didst rescue from the grave.

3 Wherefore, ye saints, rejoice with me,
With me sing praises to the Lord;
Call all his goodness to your mind,
And all his faithfulness record.

4 His anger is but short: his love,
Which is our life, hath certain stay;
Grief may continue for a night,
But joy returns with rising day.

5 Then, what I vow'd in my distress,
In happier hours I now will give,
And strive that in my grateful verse,
His praises may for ever live.

6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The blest and undivided three,
The one sole giver of all life,
Glory and praise for ever be.

FUNERALS.

HYMN 124. (C. M.)

HEAR what the voice from heav'n declares
To those in Christ who die! [clares
"Releas'd from all their earthly cares,
They'll reign with him on high."

2 Then why lament departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
Death 's but the servant Jesus sends
To call us to his arms.

3 If sin be pardon'd, we're secure,
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gave sin its strength and pow'r,
But Christ, our ransom, died!

4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd
When in the grave he lay;
And, rising thence, their hopes he rais'd
To everlasting day!

5 Then, joyfully, while life we have,
To Christ, our life, we'll sing,
"Where is thy victory, O grave?
And where, O death, thy sting?"

HYMN 125. (C. M.)

WHEN those we love are snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
That friendship must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
With awful pow'r imprest;
May this dread truth, "I too must die,"
Sink deep in ev'ry breast.

3 Let this vain world allure no more;
Behold the op'ning tomb;
It bids us use the present hour,—
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this instructive scene
May every heart obey!
Nor be the faithful warning vain
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 O let us to that Saviour fly
Whose arm alone can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

HYMN 126. (C. M.)

Death of a Young Person.

HOW short the race our friend has run,
Cut down in all *his* bloom!
The course but yesterday begun
Now finish'd in the tomb!

2 Thou joyous youth! hence learn how soon
Thy years may end their flight:
Long, long before life's brilliant noon
May come death's gloomy night.

3 To serve thy God no longer wait,
To-day his voice regard;
To-morrow, mercy's open gate
May be for ever barr'd.

4 And thus the Lord reveals his grace,
Thy youthful love to gain—
The soul that early seeks my face
Shall never seek in vain.

HYMN 127. (L. M.)

Death of an Infant.

AS the sweet flow'r that scents the morn,
But withers in the rising day;
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
Thus swiftly fled its life away.

2 It died ere its expanding soul
Had ever burnt with wrong desires,
Had ever spurn'd at heav'n's control,
Or ever quench'd its sacred fires.

3 It died to sin, it died to cares,
But for a moment felt the rod:—
O mourner! such, the Lord declares,
Such are the children of our God!

VIII. INVITATION AND WARNING.

HYMN 128. (III. 1.)

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands—
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live:
Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
He who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love:
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O, ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye for ever die?

HYMN 129. (III. 1.)

HASTEN, sinner, to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

HYMN 130. (II. 3.)

PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive mean
Hath taught each scene the note of wo;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow:
Behold, the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, and heal thy wound.

2 Come, freely come, by sin oppress,
On Jesus cast thy weighty load;
In him thy refuge find, thy rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God:
Thy God 's thy Saviour! glorious word!
O hear, believe, and bless the Lord!

HYMN 131. (S. M.)

Rev. xxii. 17, 20.

THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whisp'ring, sinner, come;
The Bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, come! [

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, come!
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, I quickly come:
Lord, even so! I wait thy hour
Jesus, my Saviour, come!

HYMN 132. (C. M.)

YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise,
For he is good, supremely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
'Tis here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds with kind regard
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to thy Almighty love
What honours shall we raise!
Not all th' angelic songs above
Can render equal praise.

IX. CHRISTIAN DUTIES AND AFFECTIONS.

PRAYER.

HYMN 133. (C. M.)

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd,
By war without, and fear within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, shelter'd near thy side,

I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "Thou hast died."

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

HYMN 134. (C. M.)

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
The watch-word at the gates of death,
He enters heav'n with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

6 In prayer, on earth the saints are one,
They're one in word and mind;
When with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

7 O thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray!

REPENTANCE.

HYMN 135. (L. M.)

O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight:
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

7 Then will I teach the world thy ways,
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

8 O may thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

HYMN 136. (L. M.)

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been,
And long in vain thy grace receiv'd;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd;

3 Yet, O! the mourning sinner spare,
In honour of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

4 My weary soul, O God, release;
Uphold me with thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

HYMN 137. (L. M.)

O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labour of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the pow'r,
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

HYMN 138. (C. M.)

Penitential Gratitude.

RISE, O my soul, the hours review,
When, aw'd by guilt and fear,
To heav'n for grace thou durst not sue,
And found no rescue here:

2 Thy tears are dry'd, thy griefs are fled,
Dispell'd each bitter care;
For heav'n itself has lent its aid
To save thee from despair.

3 Hear, then, O God! thy work fulfil,
And, from thy mercy's throne,
Vouchsafe me strength to do thy will,
And to resist mine own:

4 So shall my soul each pow'r employ
Thy mercy to adore: [joy—
While heav'n itself proclaims with
"One pardon'd sinner more!"

FAITH.

HYMN 139. (III. 2.)

ROCK of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eye-lids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne—
Rock of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

HYMN 140. (L. M.)

FAITH is the Christian's evidence
Of things unseen by mortal eye;
It passes all the bounds of sense,
And penetrates the inmost sky.

2 Things absent it can set in view,
And bring far distant prospects home;
Events long past it can renew,
And long foresee the things to come.

3 With strong persuasion, from afar
The heav'nly region it surveys,
Embraces all the blessings there,
And here enjoys the promises.

4 By faith a steady course we steer,
Through ruffling storms and swelling seas, [fear,
O'ercome the world, keep down our
And still possess our souls in peace.

5 By faith we pass the vale of tears,
Safe and serene, though oft distress'd;
By faith, subdue the king of fears,
And go rejoicing to our rest.

HYMN 141. (C. M.)

Rom. viii. 31—34.

O LET triumphant faith dispel
The fears of guilt and wo!
If God be for us, God the Lord,
Who, who shall be our foe?

2 He who his only Son gave up
To death, that we might live,
Shall he not all things freely grant,
That boundless love can give!

3 Who now his people shall accuse?
'Tis God hath justified:
Who now his people shall condemn?
The Lamb of God hath died.

4 And he who died hath ris'n again
Triumphant from the grave:
At God's right hand for us he pleads,
Omnipotent to save.

HYMN 142. (C. M.)

Dead Faith.

DELUDED souls! that dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust!

2 Vain are our fancies, vain our flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living pow'r unites
To Christ, the living Head.

3 The faith which new-creates the heart,
And works by active love,
Will bid all sinful joys depart,
And lift the thoughts above.

4 God from the curse has set us free
To make us pure within;
Nor did he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

HYMN 143. (III. 1.)

Christ our Refuge.

JESUS, Saviour of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the waves of trouble roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my hope from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

HYMN 144. (IV. 4.)

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, [word!
Is laid for your faith in his excellent
What more can he say than to you he hath said, [fled:
You who unto Jesus for refuge have

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go, [flow;
The rivers of wo shall not thee over-
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless, [tress.
And sanctify to thee thy deepest dis-

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, [supply;
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design [to refine.
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold

5 "The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose, [foes;
I will not, I will not desert to his
That soul, though all hell shall endeavour to shake, [sake."
I'll never—no, never—no, never for-

HOPE.

HYMN 145.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise, from transitory things,
Tow'rds heav'n, thy destin'd place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above.

2 Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon thy Saviour will return,
To take thee to the skies:
There is everlasting peace,
Rest, enduring rest in heav'n;
There, will sorrow ever cease,
And crowns of joy be giv'n.

HYMN 146. (III. 1.)

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As we journey, let us sing;
Sing the Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are trav'lling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Banish'd once, by sin betray'd,
Christ our advocate was made;
Pardon'd now, no more we roam,
Christ conducts us to our home.

4 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

HYMN 147. (C. M.)

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all:

4 There, anchor'd safe, my weary soul
Shall find eternal rest;
Nor storms shall beat, nor billows roll
Across my peaceful breast.

JOY.

HYMN 148. (C. M.)

JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,—
Give joys like those above.

3 These are the joys which satisfy
And purify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

4 No more, believer, mourn thy lot;
O thou who art the Lord's,
Resign to those who know him not
Such joy as earth affords.

HYMN 149. (S. M.)

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God,
But children of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The God of heav'n is ours,
Our Father, and our love;
His care shall guard life's fleeting hours,
Then waft our souls above.

4 There, shall we see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

5 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

6 Children of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

7 The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

8 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry,

We're trav'lling through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

LOVE.

HYMN 150. (III. 3.)

LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise thee
For the bliss thy love bestows;
For the pard'ning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O God, my weak endeavour,
This dull soul to rapture raise:
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warm'd to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wand'rer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought
From the paths of death away: [thee
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

HYMN 151. (III. 1.)

LORD, my God, I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love thee, Lord, or no?
Am I thine, or am I not?

2 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Any duty give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

3 When I turn mine eyes within,
O how dark, and vain, and wild!
Prone to unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself thy child?

4 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall:
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

5 Could I love thy saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love thee, Lord?

6 Saviour, let me love thee more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

PRAISE.

HYMN 152.

THE God of Abra'am praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love;
Jehovah, great I AM,
By earth and heav'n confess'd:
I bow, and bless the sacred Name
For ever bless'd.

2 The God of Abra'am praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and pow'r;
And him my only portion make
My shield and tow'r.

3 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall, on angel wings upborne,
To heav'n ascend;
I shall behold his face,
I shall his pow'r adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

4 There, dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of peace;
On Zion's sacred height
His kingdom he maintains,
And, glorious with his saints in light,
For ever reigns.

5 The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing;
And, "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,
"Almighty King,
Who was, and is the same,
And evermore shall be,
Jehovah, Father, Great I AM!
We worship thee."

6 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
They ever cry:
Hail Abra'am's God and mine,
I join the heav'nly lays;
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

HYMN 153. (IV. 3.)

Psalm c.

BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth,
O serve him with gladness and fear,
Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
With love and devotion draw near.

2 For Jehovah is God—and Jehovah alone,
Creator and ruler o'er all;
And we are his people, his sceptre we own;
His sheep, and we follow his call.

3 O enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,
Your vows in his temple proclaim;

His praise with melodious accordance prolong,
And bless his adorable name.

4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

HYMN 154. (L. M.)

Psalm c.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'n our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN 155. (III. 1.)

Songs of Praise.

SONGS of praise the angels sang;
Heav'n with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.

2 *Songs of praise* awoke the morn,
When the Prince of peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Heav'n and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heav'ns and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No;—the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and *songs of praise.*

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in *songs of praise* rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their pow'rs employ.

CONTENTMENT.

HYMN 156. (C. M.)

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne, let this
My humble pray'r arise—

2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee:

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend,
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

HYMN 157. (L. M.)

BE still, my heart! these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonour on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.

2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

3 When first before his mercy-seat
Thou didst to him thy all commit;
He gave thee warrant from that hour,
To trust his wisdom, love, and pow'r.

4 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call?
And has he not his promise past,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

5 Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home apace to God;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heav'n will make amends for all.

IN AFFLICTION.

HYMN 158. (C. M.)

HEAR, gracious God, my humble moan,
To thee I breathe my sighs;
When will the mournful night be gone?
When shall my joys arise?

2 Yet, though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy promise is my stay;
Here would I rest till light returns:
Thy presence makes my day.

3 Come, Lord, and with celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart;
O smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
And all their gloom depart.

4 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless thy healing rays;
And change these deep complaining sighs
For songs of sacred praise.

HYMN 159. (II. 3.)

Psalm xlii. 1—5.

AS, panting in the sultry beam,
The hart desires the cooling stream,
So to thy presence, Lord, I flee,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee;

Athirst to taste thy living grace,
And see thy glory, face to face.

2 But rising griefs distress my soul,
And tears on tears successive roll;
For many an evil voice is near,
To chide my wo, and mock my fear;
And silent mem'ry weeps alone
O'er hours of peace and gladness flown.

3 For I have walk'd the happy round
That circles Zion's holy ground,
And gladly swell'd the choral lays
That hymn'd my great Redeemer's praise,
What time the hallow'd arches rung
Responsive to the solemn song.

4 Ah why, by passing clouds oppress,
Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast?
Turn, turn to Him, in ev'ry pain,
Whom suppliants never sought in vain—
Thy strength, in joy's extatic day,
Thy hope, when joy has pass'd away.

HYMN 160. (II. 3.)

A compassionate High Priest. Hebrews iv. 15.

WHEN gath'ring clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced ev'ry human pain;
He feels my griefs, he sees my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heav'nly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do;
Still he, who felt temptations pow'r,
Shall guard me in that dang'rous hour.

3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies;
Then he, who once vouchsaf'd to bear
The sick'ning anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Laz'rus dead.

5 And, O! when I have safely past
Through ev'ry conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My bed of death—for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of endless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

HYMN 161. (L. M.)

Sanctified Affliction.

LORD! unafflicted, undismay'd,
In pleasure's path how long I stray'd!
But thou hast made me feel thy rod,
And turn'd my soul to thee, my God.

2 What though it pierc'd my fainting heart,
I bless thy hand that caus'd the smart;
It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But sav'd me from eternal wo.

3 O, hadst thou left me unchastis'd,
Thy precepts I had still despis'd,
And still the snare in secret laid
Had my unwary feet betray'd.

4 I love thy chast'nings, O my God,
They fix my hopes on thine abode;
Where, in thy presence fully blest,
Thy stricken saints for ever rest.

DAILY DEVOTION.

HYMN 162. (II. 3.)

Daily Dependance.

WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes
O Sun of righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine;
Chase the dark clouds of sin away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2 When to heav'n's great and glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring;
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame
Ask mercy, Saviour, in thy name;
My conscience sprinkle with thy blood,
And be my advocate with God.

3 As ev'ry day thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares;
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be thou my counsellor and friend,
Teach me thy precepts, all divine,
And be thy pure example mine.

4 When pain transfixes ev'ry part,
Or languor settles at the heart;
When on my bed, diseas'd, oppress'd,
I turn, and sigh, and long for rest;
O great Physician! see my grief,
And grant thy servant sweet relief.

5 Should poverty's destructive blow
Lay all my worldly comforts low;
And neither help nor hope appear,
My steps to guide, my heart to cheer;
Lord, pity and supply my need,
For thou, on earth, wast poor indeed.

6 Should Providence profusely pour
Its varied blessings in my store;
O keep me from the ills that wait
On such a seeming prosp'rous state;
From hurtful passions set me free,
And humbly may I walk with thee.

7 When each day's scenes and labours close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pard'ning mercy richly bless'd,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;

And, as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies.

8 And, at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
Jesus, thy heav'nly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

HYMN 163. (L. M.)

"*I have set God always before me.*"
Ps. xvi. 9.

SAVIOUR! when night involves the skies,
My soul, adoring, turns to thee;
Thee, self-abas'd in mortal guise,
And wrapt in shades of death for me.

2 On thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn;
Thee, victor of the grave and hell,
Thee, source of life's eternal morn.

3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
To thee my soul triumphant springs;
Thee, thron'd in glory's endless blaze,
Thee, Lord of lords, and King of kings.

4 O'er earth, when shades of ev'ning steal,
To death and thee my thoughts I give;
To death, whose pow'r I soon must feel,
To thee, with whom I trust to live.

HYMN 164. (L. M.)

Morning Hymn.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Redeem thy mispent time that's past,
Live this day as if 'twere thy last:
T' improve thy talents take due care,
'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear:
Think how th' all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing—
Glory to thee, eternal King.

5 I wake, I wake, ye heav'nly choir,
May your devotions me inspire;
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

6 May I like you in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight,
Perform like you my Maker's will:
O! may I never more do ill.

7 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake. [wake,

8 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first spring of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

9 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

10 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below,
Praise him above, y' angelic host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 165. (L. M)

Morning.

ARISE, my soul! with rapture rise!
And, fill'd with love and fear, adore
The awful Sov'reign of the skies,
Whose mercy lends me one day more.

2 And may this day, indulgent Pow'r!
Not idly pass, nor fruitless be;
But may each swiftly flying hour
Still nearer bring my soul to Thee!

3 But can it be? that Pow'r divine
Is thron'd in light's unbounded blaze;
And countless worlds and angels join
To swell the glorious song of praise:

4 And will he deign to lend an ear,
When I, poor abject mortal, pray?
Yes, boundless goodness! he will hear,
Nor cast the meanest wretch away.

5 Then let me serve thee all my days,
And may my zeal with years increase:
For pleasant, Lord, are all thy ways,
And all thy paths are paths of peace.

HYMN 166. (C. M.)

Morning.

TO thee let my first off'rings rise,
Whose sun creates the day,
Swift as his gladd'ning influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.

2 This day thy fav'ring hand be nigh,
So oft vouchsaf'd before;
Still may it lead, protect, supply,
And I that hand adore.

3 If bliss thy providence impart,
For which, resign'd, I pray,
Give me to feel a cheerful heart
And grateful homage pay.

4 Affliction should thy love intend,
As vice or folly's cure,
Patient to gain that gracious end,
May I the means endure.

5 Be this and every future day
Still wiser than the past,
And, when I all my life survey,
May grace sustain at last.

HYMN 167. (III. 1.)

Morning.

NOW the shades of night are gone,
Now the morning light is come,

Lord, may we be thine to-day,
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill our souls with heav'nly light,
Banish doubt and clear our sight:
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we labour, watch and pray.

3 Keep our haughty passions bound;
Save us from our foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from ev'ry sin.

4 When our work of life is past,
O receive us then at last;
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heav'nly shore.

HYMN 168. (L. M.)

Evening Hymn.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own Almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphing rise at the last day.

4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close:
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 O when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine with angels sing—
Glory to thee, eternal King!

7 Praise him from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below,
Praise him above, y' angelic host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 169. (L. M.)

Evening.

GREAT God! to thee my ev'ning song
With humble gratitude I raise:
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And ev'ry onward rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and pow'r.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And from the path of duty rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Christ, my Lord: his name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

5 With hope in him mine eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy Name.

HYMN 170. (C. M.)

Evening.

NOW, from the altar of our hearts,
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our ev'ning sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift, more free, than they.

3 New time, new favours, and new joys
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

HYMN 171. (S. M.)

Evening.

THE day is past and gone,
The ev'ning shades appear;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest:
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possest.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

HYMN 172. (III. 1.)

Psalm cxli. 2.

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labour free,
Lord, I would commune with thee!

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee!

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

HYMN 173. (IV. 2.)

Evening.

INSPIRER and hearer of prayer,
Thou shepherd and guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant care
I, sleeping or waking, resign.

2 If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as my minutes roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

3 A sov'reign protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

4 His smiles and his comforts abound,
His grace, as the dew, shall descend;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul he delights to defend.

X. THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

HYMN 174. (C. M.)

Renouncing the World.

LET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admir'd its follies too,
But grace has set me free.

2 Those follies now no longer please,
No more delight afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have known the Lord.

3 As by the light of op'ning day
The stars are all conceal'd,
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is reveal'd.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice
Shall fix my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee:
Yet worthless still myself I own,
Thy worth is all my plea.

HYMN 175. (L. M.)

Not ashamed of Christ.

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee!
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.

2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let night disown each radiant star;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright morning Star, bid darkness flee.

3 Asham'd of Jesus! O, as soon
Let morning blush to own the sun;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Asham'd of Jesus! empty pride!
I'll boast a Saviour crucified;
And O, may this my portion be,
My Saviour not asham'd of me!

HYMN 176. (S. M.)

Prayer for Christian Graces.

JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer:
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill:
A soul inur'd to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Ready to take up and sustain
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepar'd,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my suff'rings less;
This blessing, above all,
Always to pray, I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

5 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward,
To thee and thy great name;
A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

6 I rest upon thy word,
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

HYMN 177. (III. 3.)

Prayer for Guidance.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand.

2 Open now the crystal fountains,
Whence the living waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.

3 Feed me with the heav'nly manna
In this barren wilderness;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner,
Be the *Lord my righteousness.*

4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.

HYMN 178. (L. M.)

Following the Example of Christ.

WHENE'ER the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

2 O how benevolent and kind,
How mild, how ready to forgive
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

3 To do his heav'nly Father's will
Was his employment and delight
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

4 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love;
Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,
By his example let us move.

5 But ah! how blind, how weak we are!
How frail, how apt to turn aside!
Lord, we depend upon thy care;
We ask thy Spirit for our guide.

6 Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be;
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
O Saviour, daily more like thee.

HYMN 179. (S. M.)

Duties.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;

2 From youth to hoary age
My calling to fulfil:
O may it all my pow'rs engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assur'd if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

HYMN 180. (C. M.)

"*Forgetting those things which are behind,*" *&c.* Phil. iii 13, 14.

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve
And press with vigour on;
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye.

4 Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve
And press with vigour on;
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

HYMN 181. (C. M.)

Doubting.

THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart, or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

3 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But when I cry, "My strength renew,
Seem weaker than before.

4 I see thy saints with comfort fill'd,
When in thy house of prayer;
But still in bondage I am held,
And find no comfort there.

5 O make this heart rejoice or ache;
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break;
And heal it, if it be.

HYMN 182. (C. M.)

Desires after renewed Holiness.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd,
How sweet their mem'ry still:
But now I feel an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN 183. (III. 1.)

Trials.

'TIS my happiness below
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's pow'r to know,
Sanctifying ev'ry loss.

2 Trials must and will befall;
But, with humble faith, to see
Love inscrib'd upon them all—
This is happiness to me.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not with reason fear
I should be a cast-away?

4 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to pray'r;
Bring me to my Saviour's feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

HYMN 184. (C. M.)

Habitual Devotion.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Pow'r,
Be my vain wishes still'd;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the pow'r of thought bestow'd,
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd,
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.

4 In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,
In ev'ry pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill:
Resign'd when storms of sorrow low'r,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gath'ring storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on thee.

HYMN 185.

Walking with God.

SINCE I've known a Saviour's name,
And sin's strong fetters broke,
Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my easy yoke:
Joyful now my faith to show,
I find his service my reward,
All the work I do below
Is light, for such a Lord.

2 To the desert or the cell
Let others blindly fly,
In this evil world I dwell,
Nor fear its enmity:
Here I find an house of prayer
To which I inwardly retire;
Walking unconcern'd in care,
And unconsum'd in fire.

3 O that all the world might know
Of living, Lord, to thee,
Find their heav'n begun below,
And here thy goodness see;
Walk in all the works prepar'd
By thee to exercise their grace,
Till they gain their full reward,
And see thee face to face.

HYMN 186. (L. M.)

Heaven seen by Faith.

AS, when the weary trav'ller gains
The height of some commanding hill,
His heart revives, if o'er the plains
He sees his home, tho' distant still—

2 So, when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3 The hope of heav'n his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for sorrows past;
Nor any future conflict fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

4 O Lord, on thee our hopes we stay
To lead us on to thine abode;
Assur'd thy love will far o'erpay
The hardest labours of the road.

HYMN 187. (IV. 4.)

"*I would not live alway*" Job vii. 16.

I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;

There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

XI. DEATH.

HYMN 188. (C. M.)

Job xiv. 1, 2. 5, 6.

FEW are thy days, and full of wo,
O man, of woman born!
Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
To dust thou shalt return."

2 Behold the emblem of thy state
In flow'rs that bloom and die,
Or in the shadow's fleeting form
That mocks the gazer's eye.

3 Determin'd are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;
The number'd hour is on the wing
That lays thee with the dead.

4 Great God! afflict not, in thy wrath,
The short allotted span
That bounds the few and weary days
Of pilgrimage to man.

HYMN 189. (C. M.)

HARK! from the tombs a mournful sound!
Mine ears attend the cry!
"Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your tow'rs;
The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head
Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

4 Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace
To raise our souls to thee,
That we may view thy glorious face
To all eternity.

HYMN 190. (S. M.)

Job xiv. 11—14.

THE mighty flood that rolls
Its torrents to the main,
Can ne'er recall its waters lost
From that abyss again:

2 So days, and years, and time,
Descending down to night,
Can thenceforth never more return
Back to the sphere of light:

3 And man, when in the grave,
Can never quit its gloom,
Until th' eternal morn shall wake
The slumber of the tomb.

4 O may I find in death
A hiding-place with God,
Secure from wo and sin; till call'd
To share his bless'd abode!

5 Cheer'd by this hope, I wait,
Through toil, and care, and grief,
Till my appointed course is run,
And death shall bring relief.

HYMN 191.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O the pain, the bliss, of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper! angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite—
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath—
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes, it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave, where is thy victory!
O death, where is thy sting!

XII. JUDGMENT.

HYMN 192. (C. M.)

WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker, face to face;
O how shall I appear!

2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;—

3 When thou, O Lord, shall stand dis-
In majesty severe, [clos'd
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear!

4 But thou hast told the troubled mind,
Who does her sins lament,
That faith in Christ's atoning blood
Shall endless wo prevent.

5 Then never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has died
To make that pardon sure.

HYMN 193. (S. M.)

AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise,
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound;
And through the numerous guilty throng
Spread black despair around?—

3 "Depart from me, accurs'd,
To everlasting flame,
For rebel angels first prepar'd,
Where mercy never came."

4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day:
When earth and heav'n before his face
Astonish'd shrink away?

5 But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!

6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

7 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

HYMN 194. (II. 7.)

GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
The trumpet sounds: the graves restore
The dead which they contain'd before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepar'd to meet him.

3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepar'd to meet him.

4 Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heav'n and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

HYMN 195. (III. 1.)

St. Luke xiii. 24—27.

SEEK, my soul, the narrow gate,
Enter ere it be too late;
Many ask to enter there
When too late to offer pray'r.

2 God from mercy's seat shall rise,
And for ever bar the skies:
Then, though sinners cry without,
He will say, "I know you not."

3 Mournfully will they exclaim—
Lord! we have profess'd thy name;
We have eat with thee, and heard
Heav'nly teaching in thy word.

4 Vain, alas! will be their plea,
Workers of iniquity;
Sad their everlasting lot—
Christ will say, "I know you not."

XIII. ETERNITY.

HYMN 196. (S. M.)

O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?—
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years—
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be driven from thy face,
For evermore undone.

HYMN 197. (C. M.)

2 *Cor.* iv. 18.

HOW long shall earth's alluring toys
Detain our hearts and eyes,
Regardless of immortal joys,
And strangers to the skies!

2 These transient scenes will soon decay,
They fade upon the sight;
And quickly will their brightest day
Be lost in endless night.

3 Their brightest day, alas, how vain!
With conscious sighs we own;
While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain,
O'ershade the smiling noon.

4 O could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!

5 There, joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.

6 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving touch of thine
Our languid hearts inflame!

7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

HYMN 198. (C. M.)

COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heav'n impart
Their influence to our song.

2 Sorrow, and pain, and ev'ry care,
And discord there shall cease;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.

3 The soul, from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its pow'r no more;
But, cloth'd in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

4 There, on a throne how dazzling bright!
Th' exalted Saviour shines;
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heav'nly minds.

5 There shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs;
And endless honours to his Name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire;
Till in thy blissful courts above
We join the angelic choir.

HYMN 199. (C. M.)

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There, everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flow'rs;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

3 Bright fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start, and shrink
To cross the narrow sea;
And linger, trembling, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise;
And see the Canaan that we love,
With faith's illumin'd eyes;

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 200. (C. M.)

SHOULD nature's charms, to please the eye,
In sweet assemblage join,
All nature's charms would droop and die,
Jesus, compar'd with thine.

2 Vain were her fairest beams display'd,
And vain her blooming store;
Her brightness languishes to shade,
Her beauty is no more.

3 But, ah! how far from mortal sight
The Lord of glory dwells!
A veil of interposing night
His radiant face conceals.

4 O could my longing spirit rise
On strong immortal wing,
And reach thy palace in the skies,
My Saviour and my King!

5 There, thousands worship at thy feet,
And there, divine employ!
The triumphs of thy love repeat
In songs of endless joy.

6 Thy presence beams eternal day
O'er all the blissful place;
Who would not drop this load of clay,
And die to see thy face?

HYMN 201. (III. 1.)

Revelation vii. 9, &c.

WHO are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day
Tuning their triumphant song?—
"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, pow'r,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion ev'ry hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod,
These from great affliction came:
Now, before the throne of God,
Seal'd with his eternal name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in ev'ry hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels their fears;
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

XIV. MISCELLANEOUS.

HYMN 202. (C. M.)

Genesis xxviii. 20, 21.

GOD of our fathers! by whose hand
Thy people still are blest,
Be with us through our pilgrimage,
Conduct us to our rest.

2 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wand'ring footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

3 O spread thy shelt'ring wings around.
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

4 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble pray'rs implore;
And thou, the Lord, shalt be our God,
And portion evermore.

HYMN 203. (III. 3.)

1 *Chronicles* xxix. 10—13.

BLESS'D be thou, the God of Israel,
Thou, our Father, and our Lord!
Bless'd thy majesty for ever!
Ever be thy name ador'd!

2 Thine, O Lord, are pow'r and greatness,
Glory, vict'ry, are thine own;
All is thine in earth and heaven,
Over all thy boundless throne.

3 Riches come of thee, and honour,
Pow'r and might to thee belong;
Thine it is to make us prosper,
Only thine to make us strong.

4 Lord our God! for these thy bounties
Hymns of gratitude we raise;
To thy Name, for ever glorious,
Ever we address our praise!

HYMN 204. (C. M.)

Proverbs iii. 13—17.

O HAPPY is the man who hears
Religion's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
More precious are her bright rewards
Than gems, or stores of gold.

3 Her right hand offers to the just
Immortal, happy days;
Her left, imperishable wealth
And heav'nly crowns displays.

4 And as her holy labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

HYMN 205. (L. M.)

Isaiah xl. 6—8.

THE morning flow'rs display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold;
As careless of the noon-day heats,
And fearless of the ev'ning cold:

2 Nipp'd by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parch'd by the sun's more fervent ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the op'ning rose:

4 But, worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, and death devour,
If heav'n shall recompense our pains:
Perish the grass, and fade the flow'r,
If firm the word of God remains.

HYMN 206. (C. M.)

Isaiah xl. 27—31.

WHY mournest thou, my anxious soul,
Despairing of relief,
As if the Lord o'erlook'd thy cares,
Or pitied not thy grief?

2 Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard,
That firm remains on high
The everlasting throne of Him
Who made the earth and sky?

3 Art thou afraid his pow'r will fail
In sorrow's evil day?
Can the Creator's mighty arm
Grow weary or decay?

4 Supreme in wisdom as in pow'r
The Rock of ages stands;
Thou canst not search his mind, nor trace
The working of his hands.

5 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart;
And courage in the evil hour
His heav'nly aids impart.

6 Mere human energy shall faint,
And youthful vigour cease;
But those who wait upon the Lord
In strength shall still increase.

7 They, with unwearied step, shall tread
The path of life divine;
With growing ardour onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

8 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar
On wings of faith and love;

Till, past the sphere of earth and sin,
They rise to heav'n above.

HYMN 207. (C. M.)

Isaiah lvii. 15.

THUS speaks the High and Lofty One—
My throne is fix'd on high; [There,
There, through eternity, I hear
The praises of the sky:

2 Yet, looking down, I visit oft
The humble, hallow'd cell;
And with the penitent who mourn
'Tis my delight to dwell.

3 My presence heals the wounded heart,
The sad in spirit cheers;
My presence, from the bed of dust,
The contrite sinner rears.

4 I dwell with all my humble saints
While they on earth remain;
And they, exalted, dwell with me,
With me for ever reign.

HYMN 208. (II. 1.)

Habakkuk iii. 17—19.

ALTHOUGH the vine its fruit deny,
The budding fig-tree droop and die,
No oil the olive yield;
Yet will I trust me in my God,
Yea, bend rejoicing to his rod,
And by his grace be heal'd.

2 Though fields, in verdure once array'd,
By whirlwinds desolate be laid,
Or parch'd by scorching beam;
Still in the Lord shall be my trust,
My joy; for, though his frown is just,
His mercy is supreme.

3 Though from the fold the flock decay,
Though herds lie famish'd o'er the lea
And round the empty stall;
My soul above the wreck shall rise,
Its better joys are in the skies:
There, God is all in all.

4 In God my strength, howe'er distrest,
I yet will hope, and calmly rest,
Nay, triumph in his love;
My ling'ring soul, my tardy feet,
Free as the hind he makes and fleet,
To speed my course above.

HYMN 209. (C. M.)

St. John xiv. 6.

THOU art the way—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the truth—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the life—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conqu'ring arm,
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the way, the truth, the life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

HYMN 210. (S. M.)

Philippians ii. 12, 13.

HEIRS of unending life,
While yet we sojourn here,
O let us our salvation work
With trembling and with fear

2 God will support our hearts
With might before unknown;
The work to be perform'd is ours,
The strength is all his own.

3 'Tis he that works to will,
'Tis he that works to do;
His is the pow'r by which we act,
His be the glory too!

HYMN 211. (III. 1.)

Ephesians v. 14—17.

SINNER! rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit dark and dead,
Jesus waits his light to shed.

2 Wake from sleep, arise from death,
See the bright and living path:
Watchful tread that path; be wise,
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.

3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime,
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure without delay,
Evil is the mortal day.

4 Be not blind and foolish still;
Call'd of Jesus, learn his will:
Jesus calls from death and night,
Jesus waits to shed his light.

HYMN 212. (C. M.)

Hebrews xii. 1, 2.

LO! what a cloud of witnesses
Encompass us around;
Men once like us with suff'ring tried,
But now with glory crown'd:

2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspir'd,
Strive in the Christian race;
And, freed from ev'ry weight of sin,
Their holy footsteps trace.

3 Behold a witness nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path,
Jesus, the author, finisher,
Rewarder of our faith:

4 He, for the joy before him set,
And mov'd by pitying love,
Endur'd the cross, despis'd the shame!
And now he reigns above.

5 Thither, forgetting things behind,
Press we to God's right hand!
There, with the Saviour and his saints
Triumphantly to stand.

GLORIA PATRI.

N. B. The metre marks, affixed to the preceding psalms and hymns, have reference to a division of the metres, founded on the nature of the verse, into four classes, marked—I. II. III. IV.

Class I. includes common, long, and short metres, marked—C. M., L. M., S. M.

Class II. includes the other Iambic metres, eight in number, marked—II. 1, II. 2, II. 3, II. 4, &c. which may be named; *Two, one; Two, two; Two, three, &c.*

Class III. includes the Trochaic metres, being five in number, marked—III. 1, III. 2, III. 3, &c. which may be named; *Three, one; Three, two, &c.*

Class IV. includes the metres consisting chiefly of triplets, being five in number, marked—IV. 1, IV. 2, IV. 3, &c. and may be named; *Four, one; Four two, &c*

CLASS I.

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

L. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heav'n adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

S. M.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As 't was, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

CLASS II.

II. 1.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heav'n's triumphant host
And saints on earth adore;
Be glory, as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time shall be no more.

II. 2.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heav'n's triumphant host
And suff'ring saints on earth adore;
Be glory, as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time itself shall be no more.

II. 3.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory in the highest giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n;
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore

II. 4.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever bless'd,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address'd;
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore.

II. 5.

To God the Father, and to God the Son,
To God the Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be praise from all on earth and all in heav'n,
As was, and is, and ever shall be giv'n.

II. 6.

Eternal praise be given,
And songs of highest worth,
By all the hosts of heaven,
And all the saints on earth,
To God, supreme confessed,
To Christ, his only Son,
And to the Spirit blessed,
Eternal Three in One.

II. 7.

To Father, Son, and Spirit bless'd,
Supreme o'er earth and heaven,
Eternal Three in One confess'd,
Be highest glory given,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore,
By all in earth and heaven.

II. 8.

By all on earth and all in heav'n,
Be everlasting glory giv'n
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit; equal Three
In undivided Unity,
Ere time had yet its course begun:
As was, and is be highest praise.
As still shall be through endless days.

CLASS III.

III. 1.

Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One!
Glory, as of old, to thee,
Now, and evermore shall be!

III. 2.

Praise the name of God most high
Praise him all below the sky,
Praise him all ye heav'nly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

III. 3.

Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

III. 4.

To the Father, thron'd in heaven,
To the Saviour, Christ, his Son,
To the Spirit, praise be given,
Everlasting Three in One:
As of old, the Trinity
Still is worshipp'd, still shall be.

III. 5.

Great Jehovah! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, join'd in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

CLASS IV.

IV. 1.

By angels in heav'n
Of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address'd
To God in three persons,
One God ever bless'd;
As it has been, now is,
And ever shall be.

IV. 2.

All praise to the Father, the Son,
And Spirit, thrice holy and bless'd,
Th' eternal, supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall still be address'd.

IV. 3.

All praise to the Father, all praise to the Son,
All praise to the Spirit, thrice bless'd,
The holy, eternal, supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall still be address'd

IV. 4.

O Father Almighty, to thee be address'd,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever bless'd,
All glory and worship from earth and from heav'n,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be giv'n.

IV. 5.

All glory and praise to the Father be given,
The Son, and the Spirit, from earth and from heaven;
As was, and is now, be supreme adoration,
As ever shall be, to the God of salvation.

For Hymns 145 *and* 185.

To the Father, to the Son,
And Spirit ever bless'd,
Everlasting Three in One,
All worship be address'd:
Praise from all above, below,
As throughout the ages past,
Now is given, and shall be so
While endless ages last.

When used to Hymn 185, *in line* 6, ***read,***

As was throughout the ages past.

Come, let us adore him; come, bow at his feet;
O give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

Whenever the Hymns are used at the celebration of divine service, a certain portion or portions of the Psalms of David in metre shall also be sung.

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